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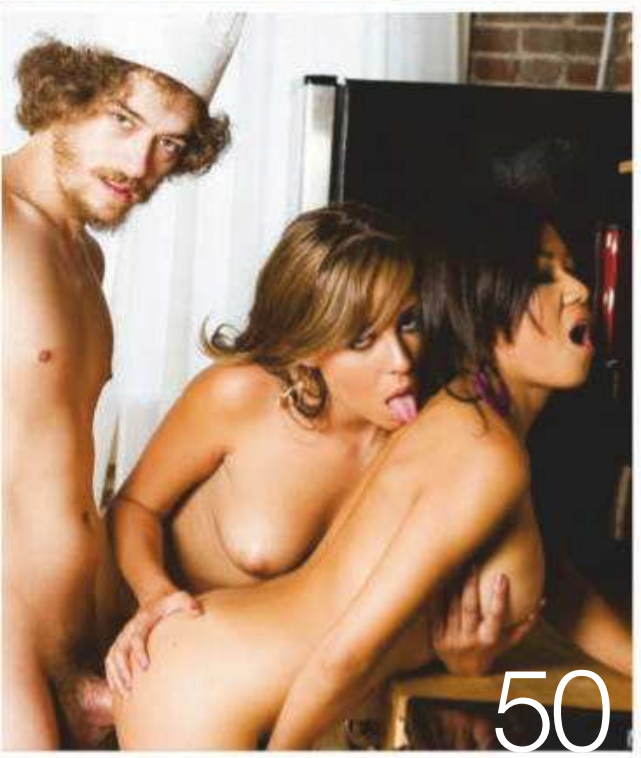

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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Cover Girl: October 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Ayumi Anime

WINTER is here and what better way to sink into the season than a healthy dose of threesome stories to really blow your mind? Follow that with our reader's favorite Wives Gone Wild and you'll be inspired to devour.

This month's "Audio Erotica" tale will make you squirm with delight and desire as a voiceover artist recording an erotic novel is finally pushed overboard by her annoying co-worker. What starts off as teasing, turns into one of the most passionate fucks of the actress's life.

Girl Meets Girl feature college babes in the library and much, much more, while Swinging and Swapping involves vacation getaways and a wholesome game night that does a complete flip with one player's ravenous sexual appetite.

And when you do get lucky, be sure to tell Penthouse about your insatiable adventures! Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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LETTERS

THREE FOR ALL

JACKPOT

I hit the hookup lottery. I fucked a husband and his wife—separately—having no idea they even knew one another. It turns out two of my recent hookups are in an open marriage. Since we met on different nights and never discussed partners, they didn't realize they'd been fucking the same person.

It came out about a month later. The couple was swapping stories when they realized they'd both slept with the same woman: me. I obviously wasn't there to hear what was said, but it must have been good since they decided to seek me out.

I hadn't exchanged numbers with either partner, but I first met both of them at the same bar near my apartment. I was easy to find.

It was at that bar that they both approached me. Jeff had this big smile when he asked if they could buy me a drink.

We sat in a booth away from the bar crowd. Looking nervous, Julie was the first to speak.

"Sorry to track you down like this, but we both really wanted to talk to you." After a quick glance at Jeff, she continued. "We both had such a great time with you and…we want to fuck you again. Together."

I took a sip of my drink before giving my answer. I was intrigued. After savoring the whiskey's sharp sting on my tongue, I smiled and invited them back to my apartment.

Ten minutes later we were settled on my couch with glasses of wine. Not too keen on taking the lead, I decided to sit back and see what my partners had in mind.

Setting his wine down, Jeff moved behind the couch. He rested his hands on my shoulders, heating the muscles as he gently worked out knots I didn't know I had.

While Jeff used his hands to make me melt into the couch, Julie crawled into my lap. She straddled my thighs, gently grinding her hips against me as she kissed and nipped at my lips. Jeff's hands slid from my shoulders down the front of my shirt, parting the plunging V-neck to reveal my bra. The flimsy lace cups were next to go. Jeff slipped his hands beneath the fabric, curving his fingers to cradle my breasts.

Spreading his fingers to cover more surface area, Jeff trapped each nipple between his digits. Slowly, Jeff applied pressure to my nipples. What started as a subtle pinch gradually increased in intensity as my whole body shuddered with delight. Then Jeff started rubbing his fingers together, rolling my nipples between them. A jolt of electricity shot straight to my clit. Groaning, my hips rose off the couch in search of more friction.

"THE HARDER HIS TEETH GRAZED MY SKIN, THE MORE MY HIPS BUCKED AGAINST HIS WIFE'S HEAD."

Using her weight to force me back into my seat, Julie slid her hand from my lower back around to my front. She teased the tips of her fingers over the sensitive space where my thighs connect to my pelvis, making me shake. Sliding from my lap to the floor, Julie positioned herself between my legs. Not bothering to lift the hem of my skirt with her hands, she ducked her head beneath the fabric.

Seeing Julie sink to the floor excited me. While Jeff was an amazing fuck and Julie's mouth could work magic. The first time we hooked up, Julie spent half the night between my legs. She fucking loved eating me out and I loved making her happy. I couldn't believe the wide variety of orgasms she pulled from me even after I thought I was spent.

Kissing a path up my thighs, Julie paused to murmur her approval when she found I wasn't wearing any underwear. She nuzzled her nose and breathed heavily while she pushed her hands against my thighs to open me wider. I slid further down in my seat, bringing my pussy to the very edge of the cushion. Using her lips, teeth, and tongue, Julie awakened every nerve between my legs. Never committing to a pattern, her haphazard rhythm kept me teetering on the edge. If Julie felt I'd grown too comfortable, she'd switch up the sequence, bringing me right back to the brink.

Meanwhile, Jeff's attentions enhanced everything Julie did to me. When my thighs shook and twitched in response to Julie's tongue-lashing, Jeff pinched my nipples, edging my pleasure with the tiniest bit of pain.

Jeff nuzzled my neck while he fondled my breasts, finding that sensitive spot just behind my earlobe. Soft kisses led to nibbles, then full-on biting. The harder his teeth grazed my skin, the more my hips bucked against his wife's head.

Though my body was being worked over on the outside, I felt a nagging emptiness in my core. What started as a dull ache graduated to an insistent pulse. I needed to be filled.

But Julie seemed content to lap at me slowly, bringing me to the brink and back more times than I could count. Between Julie's tongue on my pussy and Jeff's fingertips on my breasts, I was drowning in sensation. They were completely focused on my pleasure, working together to drive me wild.

I was so overcome I couldn't articulate what I wanted. Needed. Every time I opened my mouth to beg for Julie's

finger, nothing but moans would come out. After the third time it happened, I could feel Julie's soft chuckle vibrating against my pussy lips. She knew exactly what she was doing to me, and she liked it.

I finally found my voice. "Ah! Fuck me! Finger-fuck me! Please!"

There was that chuckle again, warming the inside of my thighs. Julie slipped one finger inside me, then two, all while licking my clit.

I sighed, my muscles relaxing into the cushions.

Just when I started to get comfortable and drift off into my own little drunken pleasure world, Julie upped the ante by adding two more fingers.

I felt stretched to the max.

Wiggling under Julie and Jeff's combined weight, my hips bucked violently as I rode Julie's hand to the finish. My limbs twitched and my skin tingled as I wavered on the edge of an orgasm. It felt like my body could explode from all the pent-up energy.

A thick blackness started creeping along the edge of my vision. My breaths grew shorter. Faster.

I screamed. My eyes slammed shut. I couldn't see anymore, anyway. All I could do was feel. Then the world came rushing back. But I still I hungered for more.

Since my orgasm drained me, it took both Jeff and Julie to get me off the couch and onto my feet. Jeff stayed at my back, his hands reassuringly resting on my shoulders, while Julie held my hands and pulled me toward the bedroom. Since they'd both been in my bed previously, I didn't have to tell them where to go, which was good because I couldn't have spoken if I tried.

Once we were over the threshold, Julie and Jeff stripped off the rest of my clothes and then their own. Julie crawled onto the bed. She kneeled in the center, turning to watch as Jeff led me to meet her.

Still semi-delirious, I allowed Jeff to position me however he liked. When we reached the edge of the bed, he spun me to face him. Then he pushed me down onto the mattress, pulling my legs toward him so that they dangled over the side.

Once Jeff situated himself between my legs, Julie crawled over me so that she was kneeling over my head looking at Jeff. It was the perfect position for her to find her own pleasure while she watched her husband fuck me. Plus, now I got to return the favor of making Julie come with my mouth.

My first sweeping lick of Julie's slit was interrupted by Jeff entering me.

I groaned.

Jeff pumped into me hard and fast, setting a punishing pace that almost made me forget to move my lips over Julie's pussy.

Then Julie worked her hips, grinding against my mouth so that the sweet taste of her arousal coated my lips and seeped onto my tongue, unleashing a hunger that eclipsed my desire to come for the second time that day.

Focusing on Julie's pleasure made it possible to push off my own. I hovered in an odd state of orgasmic limbo—so close to coming, but too distracted by my partner's pleasure to hurdle over the edge. When the taste of Julie on my lips wasn't enough, I plunged my tongue inside her, reveling in her strangled scream. Her walls pulsed around my tongue, squeezing me tight. Gripping Julie's thighs, I lifted my head to increase her pussy's pressure. I ran my tongue through her wildly with full, sloppy laps. She writhed above me, forcing herself into my face so hard I

LETTERS

↘ THREE FOR ALL

could barely breathe.

Then Jeff pressed his thumb to my clit and I nearly shot off the bed.

Grunts, gasps, screams. and moans echoed off my bedroom walls as we hurdled together toward completion.

The more I moaned, the more my lips twitched, magnifying my mouth's movements over Julie's pussy. The more my lips twitched against Julie, the louder she screamed. As Julie's screams rose in volume, Jeff drove into me harder and faster. It was exhausting, amazing, and intoxicating.

Julie started to come first. She stopped moving her hips and clenched her thighs around my head to remain upright. Her leg muscles shook against my cheeks, allowing me to feel the force of Julie's orgasm before it overtook her completely.

Then a rush of liquid shot from Julie's core, seeping into my mouth and dripping down the sides of my face. The taste of her come sent me spiraling into my own orgasm.

My walls gripped Jeff's dick, holding him hostage until both of us came apart. He gritted his teeth against the tight hold I had on him. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he took his final thrusts.

A deep, long grunt rattled off the walls. Digging his fingers into my hips, Jeff rode me through his release.

The three of us fucked for the rest of the night and well into the morning, tag-teaming so that it seemed like someone was always coming. This time they both asked for my number before heading home.

I can't wait to hear from them.

–Mary. C. via email

1 PRIVATE DANCER

When I proposed to my wife a few years ago, the months that followed were a whirlwind of wedding-related activities. Most of it sucked. I didn't give a shit what we served for dinner or which song we picked for our wedding dance. I cared far less what flowers we'd choose or what color the cake frosting would be. The whole thing grew into this giant monster that neither of us wanted when we had imagined getting married, but there didn't seem to be a way to tone it down once it had started.

Since we were asking everyone to travel for the wedding, we eventually decided not to do separate bachelor and bachelorette parties so that everyone didn't have to travel twice. Neither of us was disappointed not to have the classic Vegas-style "last night of freedom" complete with too many drinks and lap dances, but we did feel like we should be doing something special to mark the occasion that was just for us.

We toiled over what we could do, but it usually devolved from a civilized discussion into dirty talk to foreplay and eventually sex. This idea of what we would do to celebrate instead of having parties lit a fire in our sex life. It made it okay to throw anything on the table as a fantasy because we were both doing it, and there was an air of fiction to it all. Surely, we wouldn't ever actually try any of it…would we?

On one such evening, we started tossing ideas around at the kitchen table after dinner.

"We could get tattoos," I suggested with an eyebrow waggle.

"Tacky," she laughed, knowing I wasn't serious.

"We could finally try anal," I said, this time only partially teasing.

"Let's do it!" she said enthusiastically.

"Seriously?"

"Totally. If you want to take it in the ass, I'm down to try it. We could even go strap-on shopping together!"

I grinned and rolled my eyes. She knew that's not what I meant, just like I knew she had no interest in trying anal.

"What if we did it in public?" she suggested.

She seemed serious, so I contemplated my answer. This was one

that sounded really hot to talk about, but I wasn't interested in trying it in real life. That didn't mean we couldn't dirty-talk our way through the fantasy, though.

"Where in public would I fuck you? Maybe the pool?" I asked.

"The hot tub at the pool? We could be doing anything and people might suspect, but they won't know for sure. You could push my bottom to the side and fuck me right there in the water where anyone could see."

We started kissing at the table, sliding our hands over each other's bodies.

I murmured in her ear, "Or it doesn't have to be in front of a whole crowd. We could just involve one other person…try a threesome to celebrate us becoming a twosome?"

From the naughty glint in her eyes, I could tell I had hit on a real fantasy. I slid my hand into her shorts under her panties, exploring with my fingers until I found the spot that made her gasp.

She sounded breathless when she said, "But babe, I feel so bad that you're missing out on the whole stripper bachelor party thing. What if I was the stripper for you?"

"You mean for me and a friend? A bachelor party has to have a friend."

She smirked.

"Okay, I could be the stripper for you and…maybe Jason?"

"Jason, huh? I could talk to him, see if he's interested. Not what I expected you to say, but I could get behind that."

"For now, you should get behind me," she moaned, getting wetter on my fingers as I kept rubbing her pussy and clit.

I bent her over the bench at the kitchen table and pulled her shorts down. Her huge ass jiggled as I spread her cheeks and thrusted into her.

As I plunged balls-deep into my fiancée, it seemed like we finally had a plan. But did this mean she was just going to strip for us? Or would we both get to fuck her? Or maybe I would fuck her while he watched?

"HER HUGE ASS JIGGLED AS I SPREAD HER CHEEKS AND THRUSTED INTO HER."

We were young and had never experimented before, so we didn't work through all the ground rules before the big night. We talked about STDs and birth control, but I didn't want to kill the mood by trying to plan it all ahead of time. She didn't bring it up, either, so I figured we were on the same page and would work it out that night.

When the night of my "bachelor party" finally arrived, Jason and I sat in the living room drinking beers while Lauren finished getting ready upstairs. I had no idea what she was going to wear or what she was going to do when she came down. I thought if we followed her lead, it would all be fine. I didn't realize that once you're incredibly turned-on, those lines could get a little more flexible than they might have been with a clear head. The doorbell rang, and I jumped up to answer it.

This could get awkward if someone had come over unexpectedly.

I opened the door and was delighted to find my fiancée standing there in a trench coat.

"Is someone not feeling well?" she asked innocently. "I'm a house-call nurse and was sent here to check someone out."

She gave me a devilish smile as she pulled the sides of her coat open to reveal a naughty nurse costume underneath, along with sky-high platform heels.

"Come on in and check us out for yourselves," I said, copping a feel of her ass as she passed me and strode confidently into the living room where Jason was still seated.

I had expected her to be nervous or timid at first, but she seemed to be in her element and ready to go. It was a side of her I had never seen before, and I liked it. Once again I thought, *I'm so fucking lucky to be marrying this woman*.

I followed her into the living room, where she pushed me down onto the couch next to Jason.

She pulled out her phone and did something that made the speakers start to play sultry music, then she tossed it onto the end table and began to sway and move. When the music changed to a faster beat, she started twisting her hips in time to the heavy beat and running her hands along her body.

Lauren dropped to the floor and began humping and thrusting and gyrating, her curves bouncing deliciously. She crawled toward us and slithered onto Jason's lap, grinding against him and pressing her breasts toward his face. I could tell he wanted

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THREE FOR ALL

to grab them, but he resisted like a gentleman, waiting to be invited before touching. Picking him as our guest star had been a good choice.

She gave him an impressive lap dance before sliding over to me and repeating the performance. We were both rock-hard by the end of the first song.

When the next one started, she stood back up in the center of the room and kept dancing but slowly unzipped the front of her little white nurse dress. Once it was completely unzipped, she let it drop to the floor. She was now wearing a teeny white thong and a little bra made up of tiny white triangles that barely contained her ample breasts.

She continued dancing, almost like she was working up the nerve to take off the rest of her outfit. Then she suddenly yanked off her bra and panties. My wife-to-be was now standing in front of me naked and my best friend was sitting next to me on the couch lusting after her.

I was glad I wasn't jealous so far. It was hot knowing that she could choose to share parts of herself with him, but she would be mine forever.

The next few minutes were a blur of kissing and touching and tongues. She was back on Jason's lap with her back to him, so I draped her legs over his to spread them open. I got on the ground in front of her and licked her cunt until she was thrusting at empty air. I flicked my tongue across her clit, shoving my fingers into her and making her squirt all over my tongue.

Jason reached around and took over rubbing her clit, while I took off my pants and underwear. She spread her legs even wider when she saw what I was doing, letting me nudge the head of my dick inside her. She reached around behind her and I assumed she was stroking Jason's cock from the way he groaned.

"I GOT ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF HER AND LICKED HER CUNT UNTIL SHE WAS THRUSTING AT EMPTY AIR."

I thrust all the way in then fucked her in slow, deep strokes. I felt a moment of awkwardness at how close I was to Jason and how I could feel his hand rubbing her clit when I pressed all the way forward.

It was such a novel, taboo feeling that I didn't last long, coming as she reached her fourth orgasm.

I cleaned her up a little, but Jason didn't seem worried about taking sloppy seconds. We didn't even bother turning her around. Instead, she just lifted up and slid back onto his waiting cock. He plunged inside her, and just like that, I was watching another dude fuck my fiancée. I sat back and watched at first, then leaned forward and licked her clit some more. She was mindlessly thrusting against him, showing no sign of insecurity or hesitation.

Jason managed to hold on long enough for her to come again, and then he did the same, jerking as he finished inside her. Watching my friend pull out of my deeply satisfied wife-to-be was a hell of a way to celebrate our forthcoming nuptials.

–J.P. via email

HELP ME, RHONDA

Toward the end of my medical residency in a mid-Atlantic city, I roomed with my good friend and fellow third-year student, Chris. We lucked into this amazing condo that included real covered parking (always great in the winter), and it was five minutes from the hospital. Just when I thought our living

situation couldn't get any better, I met our downstairs neighbor, Rhonda.

SRhonda was a petite brunette in her late 30's with a heart-shaped face and perky breasts. She must have been a dancer or seriously into yoga, because her ass was insane. Whatever way Rhonda maintained her figure, the effects were not lost on either Chris or me when we'd be coming or going from the hospital and catch her down by the mailboxes.

No matter how stupefied I felt after an overnight shift, the sight of Rhonda's ass in leggings or yoga pants–or the hint of her nipples through one of her little tank tops–jolted me awake more than any amount of coffee.

"Morning, Stephen!" Rhonda would not only light up with a smile, she would also make it a point to stand close to me when we talked.

During these five-minute encounters, we'd bullshit small talk about places to eat around our neighborhood or cool things happening around town. Rhonda was super sweet and generous with her recommendations. And most importantly, I eventually found out she was single (recently divorced) and not seeing anyone special.

So after about a month of these platonic-yet-flirty run-ins, I got up the courage to ask her out. "Would you like to check out that new tapas place we were talking about?"

Her response was not what I was expecting.

"Oh wow, Stephen." Rhonda giggled. "Are you and Chris trying to tease me?"

"Uh–no?"

Rhonda smirked and shook her head. "Your roommate asked me to get a drink last night. I guess you haven't run into him?"

"Oh–uh, no, his pulmonary rotation is sort of opposite my ER shifts."

I felt the soul-crushing awkward silence sinking in, and I was almost ready to concede defeat–but then Rhonda

reached out and touched my arm:

"Well, why don't you two pick a night when you both are free and we can all go out? I mean, I like you both," she smiled and locked eyes with me. "Would that be okay?"

I remember going to bed feeling tired and mildly disappointed–mostly tired. And when I woke up, I stuck around waiting to catch Chris and see what his take was on our curious downstairs neighbor.

"Yeah, she gave me that same 'I like you both' line," Chris said.

"So is this a friendzone situation?" I asked. "Because she said to me that she wanted to go out with both of us–who does that?"

Chris, standing there in his scrubs eating his 4 AM serving of Cheerios, seemed to be having a "Eureka!" moment. "I think she's a freak," he grinned.

"Like in a scary or deranged way?"

"No…I mean, maybe in a nympho way."

"Says the guy who's banging his way through the new intern class," I rolled my eyes.

Chris laughed. "You got me there. But let's go out with Rhonda–this is too intriguing to pass up."

"Should I try and invite another girl? I mean this is weird, right? It's like a double date, but not a double date."

Chris laughed. "No, let's just you and I go and see what happens. I have a feeling this is going to be one of those 'stories' we tell someday."

And how right he was…

I'll skip the part about the actual date and the small talk from that evening. It

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THREE FOR ALL

was a little after midnight before Chris, Rhonda, and I walked back from the new neighborhood tapas bar and stepped inside our building lobby.

"Nightcap at my place?" Rhonda asked.

"Sure." Chris and I practically spoke in unison.

Rhonda laughed. "I like it when men are eager. Right this way, gentlemen."

I took a deep breath and followed Rhonda inside.

In her condo's entrance, Rhonda slid off her leather jacket and touched my arm. "Stephen…do you think you can help me with my dress zipper? It's just so hard to reach…"

"Uh sure–"

"And Chris–could I get a hand with my boots?" Rhonda sat down on the leather ottoman in her living room and motioned us over.

Chris grinned. He caressed the shaft of her pointy-toed leather boots.

"These boots were handmade in Italy," Rhonda lifted her hair off her neck and looked back at me. (I was still in the entryway like a total putz.) "Come here–don't be shy, Stephen." She licked her lips. "Besides, my zipper's not half as stiff as I think you'll both be soon."

Chris started his way up the leather shaft and gently unzipped her left boot. "I can only hope."

Still incredulous at my situation, I hurried over and unzipped the back of Rhonda's long-sleeved cocktail dress and slid it down her shoulders.

Meanwhile, Chris took off Rhonda's other boot–and once he did, she stood up, letting the dress fall to the floor. She wore only black thigh-highs, a silky sheer mesh bra, and thong panties.

"Wow…" I took in the sight before me.

"I second that." Chris grinned.

Rhonda was not only hot, but her confidence and eagerness were totally unlike what I experienced with girls in their twenties.

"Why, thank you." She giggled at us and struck a couple cute poses. "Now, you're both doctors, so I take it I'll be good in hands here tonight?" She ran her hands through Chris's hair and mine. "You both know your anatomy…right?"

"And physiology." Chris caressed her stomach and gave it a small kiss.

"We'll be really thorough–" I blurted out.

Rhonda giggled. "Stephen, I think since you *clearly* have never shared a woman before that I'm going to pay some special attention to you." She looked at Chris. "You don't mind, do you?"

Chris laughed and shook her hand. "It's all good."

At that point, Rhonda unhooked her bra and kissed me. I felt such a rush–the gin and tonics I had earlier, her perfume, my cock standing at full attention Before I could blink, Rhonda pushed me down on the couch and unzipped my pants. She grabbed my cock and began swallowing it, pumping up and down the shaft.

Chris, meanwhile, had removed her thong and admired a view of Rhonda's shaved pussy from the back.

Rhonda released my cock from her mouth. "Don't wait–I want you to fuck me, Chris."

"All things in good time." Chris started teasing her clit with one hand and licking her from behind.

Rhonda moaned as her mouth ran all over me. "Mmm, come on. I want to feel that thick cock inside me."

I looked up from my blowjob and grinned at Chris. "Better do what she says."

Rhonda resumed sucking me off while my roommate pounded her, balls-deep. Every time Chris thrust into her, she'd gag as my dick slid further down her throat. It was the wildest rhythm ever.

Eventually she made Chris stop, then she turned so she could give us a double blowjob. "You're both so fucking hung," Rhonda whispered in between slurping sounds.

Her eager mouth strained to fit both our cocks inside while her hands roamed freely between our shafts and balls.

"Oh, god…" I groaned. I thought I was going to burst, but Rhonda knew

how to maintain control until she got what she wanted.

She gave me a little wink and then left me there, my erection straining in the empty air as she finished licking up the pussy juice she'd gotten all over Chris.

I exhaled. Chris smirked.

Gripping both of our shafts again, Rhonda stopped sucking. "Are you both game for something? I want you to fill up both my holes so I'm airtight."

"Oh, hell yeah!" Chris grinned.

"Good." Rhonda stood up. "Because I've always wanted to do a DP—and this will be my first. You doctors know anatomy, so I trust you know all the spots to hit?"

"Definitely," I said with a kiss.

After a few maneuvers to find the right position, Rhonda got on top of me and put my cock in her pussy, then slid forward so Chris could ease himself inside her ass.

Her pussy already felt like a velvet vise clenching down on my cock—and it got even tighter when I could feel the pressure of Chris's cock in her asshole. The sensation was crazy.

I sucked and gently pinched Rhonda's nipples, which dangled in my face as she rode me while Chris plowed her.

Chris grabbed her ass cheeks and slapped them, keeping her as spread apart as possible.

"HER EAGER MOUTH STRAINED TO FIT BOTH OUR COCKS INSIDE."

"Ahhh! Oh, fuck yes!" In her sheer ecstasy, Rhonda was screaming so loudly that at one point I think I heard the people next door banging on the wall.

But nothing stopped us that night—Chris and I had Rhonda for as long as possible. He and I took turns thrusting in and out, making it so that not a second elapsed without one of her holes being stuffed.

Rhonda finally collapsed in a wet, whimpering orgasm. Chris pulled out and jizzed on her butt cheeks, which were pink and flushed from his spankings.

I came so hard that I saw stars and possibly blacked out for a minute.

With both her holes stretched and used, Rhonda flopped between us on the living-room floor, rubbing her clit. "Oh, my god. What a night!"

"Got that right." Chris looked over at me.

"That was fucking awesome!" I laughed and tried to catch my breath.

Rhonda kissed me and then kissed Chris, giving us both that impish grin. "So, I just want to know one thing."

"What's that?" I asked.

"When we can do this again?" Rhonda giggled.

Rhonda kept Chris and I going well into the morning hours the next day—she was a freak and then some, as Chris had warned me. The next day, I caught hell from the attending physician for being a half-hour late to evening rounds—but after having Rhonda, I didn't care.

—K.J. Bakersfield, CA

With a little hustle and some luck, a double can easily become a triple. We would like to hear tales of your titillating trios. Mail your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311. Or you can email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

AFTERNOON DELIGHT

CAPRI AND AARON WASTE NO TIME
BETWEEN THE SHEETS.

CAPRI & AARON

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEING POUNDED DOGGY-STYLE."

—CAPRI

LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

THE GIFT

Six years into our marriage, we had stopped worrying about gifts on holidays. If there was something big that one of us wanted around Christmas or our birthdays, we would call it a gift, but realistically we would've gotten it anyway. The days of receiving wrapped presents as surprises were long behind us.

You can imagine my surprise when that year, the week before my birthday, a large black gift bag with silver gift paper appeared on the kitchen counter. I pretended I didn't notice it at first, but when a day had passed, I gave in and asked my wife about it.

"It's a birthday present," she said casually.

"Can I open it?"

"Not until your birthday."

She smirked at me but didn't say more. I was intrigued, and as the days ticked by I got more and more curious about what was inside it. I poked at it, shook it a little, and lifted it to test its weight, but I had no idea what was in it. It was too heavy to be a pair of slippers and too small to be a new TV. That was about as much as I could figure out.

The morning of my birthday, I left for work before Heidi was awake and seriously considered opening it. She hadn't specified *when* on my birthday.

When I got home from work, it was gone. I peered into the living room but didn't see it there either. I wandered upstairs to the bedroom and found Heidi lounging naked on the bed, my present sitting next to her.

"Would you like to open it now?" she asked.

"Very much," I said, already getting hard at the direction this was going.

She slid the gift to the bottom of the bed and sat up cross-legged next to it. As excited as I was about the present, I was now too distracted by the sight of my wife's pussy to even look at it.

"Maybe we could fuck before I open it?" I suggested, reaching to stroke between her thighs.

"Oh, I think you want to open it before we do that," she chuckled.

I pulled the decorative silver paper out of the top of the bag. Inside was an assortment of oddly shaped smaller packages that were individually wrapped in silver paper.

"Pick one," she suggested, looking at me eagerly.

I pulled the largest one out and tore through the wrapping paper. Inside was a set of wrist and ankle cuffs that attached to the bed.

She explained, "I can put them on you and have my way with you, or you can put them on me and open another present."

I had been hinting for over a year that I wanted to try tying her up, so she knew that's what I would say. She grabbed them from me and started to fasten them to the bed. While she was occupied, I took my clothes off and enjoyed the sight of her bending and stretching while nude.

We worked together to fasten all of the cuffs, leaving Heidi naked and spread-eagled on the bed. It was one of the most erotic things I had ever seen. The rest of the bag's contents better be good, because I wanted to skip it all and fuck her.

Instead, I played along with her game, pulling the next biggest gift out of the pile. This one was rectangular and a little heavier. When I tore open the paper, it turned out to be a vibrating massager wand.

"I thought I would make your life easier," she said with a self-conscious smile.

She had no reason to be insecure. I loved making her feel good, and these wands could drive a woman wild. I immediately plugged it in and experimented with the buttons, finding it varied from a light vibration to one so strong it hummed loudly.

I hopped on the bed with her and gave her a kiss to say thank you. While our kiss deepened, I pressed the round head of the wand against her clit and turned it on. Her whole body jerked and her legs fell open. I turned it up a little and worked it back and forth across her tiny pleasure center. It took about a minute for her to come. I was a fan

of my new toy. I eased up the speed and pressure, just barely rubbing her to give her a moment to recover before building almost immediately back up to another orgasm.

After the third, she begged, "Open another present before I lose my mind!"

I reached over and grabbed another gift while continuing to tease her with the wand. This one turned out to be a ring gag that I had only ever seen in porn. It was designed to keep her mouth open while allowing me to fuck her face. Deep-throating was one of the kinks we had experimented with, but this was taking things to another level.

"Go ahead," she said saucily, parting her lips for me.

We had already established a safeword alternate protocol for a situation like this, so I placed the gag without feeling like we needed to talk about that first. If she needed me to stop while she was unable to talk, she would simply snap her fingers.

I straddled her body and propped her head and shoulders up with pillows. Then I scooted forward until I lined my dick up with her mouth. It was an odd sensation at first sliding into a smooth metal ring, but it was so hot to see her surrendering herself to me like that. She was totally helpless between the wrist and ankle restraints and her gag, but she was relaxed as I started to thrust in and out of her warm, wet mouth. I started slowly, giving her a chance to get used to the idea and allow me fully into her mouth.

I thrusted until I nudged the back of her throat and backed off for a few strokes before nudging deeper. I wanted to just fuck her throat for a few seconds and come deep enough that she had to swallow it, but I didn't want our fun to be over. I also didn't want to push my luck the first time she tried the gag. If it wasn't unpleasant, she would be more excited about letting me use it again next time—and I really hoped there was a next time!

"SHE SCREAMED WITH PLEASURE. I KEPT PRESSING THE BEADS INTO HER ASS, ONE AT A TIME."

I pulled out of her mouth, unfastening the gag to make her more comfortable.

"That was hot," she groaned, wiping the drool from her chin.

"We'll definitely be using that more in the future when I can face-fuck you properly. Right now, I need to know what else is in that bag."

"It's okay if you don't manage to use it all tonight," she laughed.

I picked out another little silver package, opening it to discover a set of blue anal beads. We'd done anal a handful of times over the years with varying degrees of success, but this was a new toy for me. I was excited that she was still willing to experiment in that department.

We undid her ankle cuffs and rolled her hips up so that her legs were up in the air and I had access to her ass. We fastened her ankle restraints to the wrist restraint straps so that she could lean against them and didn't have to hold her legs up the whole time. It also rendered her totally at my mercy again.

I grabbed lube from the bedside table and got the beads ready before slowly feeding in the first few. Once I had it started, I picked the vibrating wand up and pressed it to her clit. She screamed with pleasure. I kept pressing the beads into her ass, one at a time. It only took another three or four before she came again. I pushed the remaining ones in without letting her come again. It was my turn—it was my birthday present, after all!

I freed one of her hands so she could hold the vibrating wand, chuckling at how desperately she rubbed it against herself as soon as it was in her hands.

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She dropped her head back, no longer even registering that I was there.

I smacked her thigh playfully, making it bounce and shake the anal beads. That only seemed to push her closer to orgasm, so I pinched a nipple to get her attention.

When she finally met my eyes with a desperate expression I said, "You don't come until I tell you it's time."

She nodded fervently.

My dick was so hard I could've hammered a nail into the wall with it. I lined it up with her pussy, working it in just a little, then thrusting hard and deep. It felt incredible to be all the way inside her, looking in her eyes. She was so slick from already coming so many times.

I pulled back and thrusted in again, slamming my hips forward forcefully. I didn't feel like I needed to hold back since she was already close to getting off. For a few moments, I simply enjoyed the sensation of plowing my wife's hot pussy. Then I took hold of the end of the string of anal beads and gently began to tug. When the first one popped back out, she moaned and flicked the wand faster over her clit. I could feel her clenching around me, squeezing my cock tighter and tighter.

I tugged the next two out together, making her writhe. I couldn't hold back any longer, so I said, "Okay, my love, you can come now."

It sounded like she maybe tried to say something, but it came out as an incoherent, guttural sound. When I felt her start to peak, I popped the remaining beads out one after another, sending her into another level of orgasm. I lost focus after that because she pushed me over the edge, too. I managed a few more hard thrusts and then unleashed my come inside her.

I undid her restraints and helped her get up, kissing her deeply to communicate my love and thanks. It was one hell of a surprise birthday present. And there were still a handful of unwrapped gifts left for us to explore.

"I can't wait for Christmas," I said, and we both laughed with pure joy at the new phase our marriage had entered.

–B.T. via email

DRESSING FOR SEXCESS

I've always known that I'm more sexually experienced and adventurous than my husband. I'm not saying that I slept with a pile of guys before we got married, but I've always been precocious. I know what I like, and I go after it.

When I met him, James was a chronic "nice guy" who even by his late twenties had not explored much beyond your basic missionary or cowgirl sex–and always with the lights off. I cannot entirely blame the prudes he dated, either. James came from a conservative, country club-faring family, and the girls in those circles never admit to using their mouth "there" or liking it back "there" or anything else that isn't an admission of their love of (insert preppy designer name). My sweet husband was conditioned from birth to feel guilty for asking for satisfaction, because even in our modern times, "nice girls" still aren't supposed to do "that." (Yes, I'm rolling my eyes, too.)

Dating me blew the door wide open for James, and once he crossed the threshold, he was happy to be done with bland, taupe, Pottery Barn sex. We met at an office-supply store when I helped him pick out some diploma frames. I was in the checkout with my printer ink when he stopped me and asked for my number.

After a few dates, I finally told him I worked in advertising–copywriting in the adult industry–not knowing how he might react. But after telling me that I should be proud to have made it so far, his primary concern was hoping that he would be able to "excite" me enough. And that's when I knew there was real promise in whatever we had going; we were married a little over a year later.

Sometimes I'm cleaning the house and find "surprise" packages of naughty lingerie, or he'll call me up on a Friday afternoon and tell me to pack for a hot weekend away. But like any mere mortal,

when he's stressed at the office (he's a big-time corporate accountant) or anxious about a looming project, he "turns off." While I've since learned how to keep his embers glowing, I can remember a pivotal–and very sexy episode–that took place early in our marriage.

The recession had hit, and James was worried about getting laid off. We had just bought our house, and his upcoming performance review could make or break him. Everything was piling up at once, so I knew he needed a serious ego boost–and we needed to connect in a way that would make him remember.

I waited until he got home from the gym. I stepped into the shower before I stripped down to just my lacy thigh-highs and retrieved the expensive Italian silk necktie he had just discarded. I sprawled in the middle of our bed and teased my nipples with the silky material while my fingers roved downward to stroke my clit. By the time James emerged from the shower, I had worked myself into a frenzy.

He stepped out of the bathroom and did an instant double take, honing in on the site of my wet cunt. "What's going on here, Trisha?"

Without stopping what I was doing, I licked my lips. "I thought you needed a little Happy Hour."

James dropped his towel to the ground and joined me on the bed. He kissed me on the mouth and worked his way down, his tongue slowly replacing my fingers.

I moaned and tilted my hips forward, loving the feel of his clean-shaven face on my inner thighs.

"You taste so good, baby," James whispered as he slid a finger into me.

"Mmm, yes," I squirmed. "Oh, God–I really want you to fuck me…"

My "nice guy" always loved to make me finish first, and that's exactly what he did. And as I lay there in a soaking, pliable heap, he put my legs over his shoulders and pounded me to the hilt.

"FUCKING IN A MEN'S DRESSING ROOM HAD ALWAYS BEEN ON MY LIST OF PUBLIC SEX FANTASIES."

I came at least three more times before James finished.

Afterward, I patted up my sweat and sweet juices with his tie and teased him. "Don't take this to the dry cleaners yet…"

"I have no intention." He chuckled and leaned back. "Thanks, I needed this…"

"Well, it's not my only surprise."

"Oh?"

"I ordered you a new suit from Luca Clothiers, so we're going this weekend for a fitting," I said. (James not only had a weakness for custom tailoring, but he also needed it since being so tall made off-the-rack shopping difficult.)

"Oh, wow, honey, you didn't have to do that..."

I smiled. "I think for your big review coming up soon that you deserve a nice new suit and they already have your measurements," I caressed his face. "I know you've been wanting another basic piece."

"But–"

"No buts." I kissed him on the forehead. "I got an unexpected commission, and I won't take no for an answer, anyway."

"Really? Even if I end up kicked to the curb because I'm 'redundant' or some crap?"

"Well, I don't think that will happen–I think they're going to kiss your ass. But no matter what happens, you deserve to feel good." I leaned in and whispered in his ear. "And I just love seeing how confident and cocky you get when you're all dressed for success." I stroked his thigh.

James puffed up his shoulders. "I can get cocky for you anytime." He squeezed my ass and pulled me on top of him–and then we happily went at it again.

Fast-forward to the weekend: James and I had brunch and then headed to the tailor. Little did he know that he would be getting dressed–and then undressed–for success.

James's favorite tailor is a place where customers get private attention in their own fitting "suites", which have these wild wrap-around mirrors, so you get a 360-degree view of any given outfit. James stood on a stool in the center of the room, which was tended to by one of the Italian shop owners, Marco.

"Honey, what do you think?" James glanced over his shoulder at me.

"Hmm, I like it, but I think it's also a little boxy in the back. Maybe a tighter line?"

Marco nodded. "I think your wife is right. Let me fix this."

The rest of the fitting went off without a hitch. Marco took the jacket from

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us. “Leave the pants and shirt on the hanger in there. I’ll correct the hem and have everything for you by the end of next week.”

“Great,” James shoot Marco’s hand.

“Thank you.”

“Thank you so much.” I smiled at Marco. “We won’t be long. I just want to show him some accessories I noticed, if that’s okay?”

Marco gave me a little knowing wink. “You guys take your time.” He exited the fitting suite and shut the door behind him.

I turned and smiled at James. “You look really good. I’m glad you like this color.”

“It’s nice to have something besides black wool. You did great.” He kissed me. “So, what about these ties?” James gestured to the colorful pile of silk nearby.

I clicked the lock shut on our suite door. “Go take that off so we don’t mess up the pins and I’ll model them for you.”

“Oh–okay!” His cheeks flushed as if he already knew what I had dreamed up. He ran over to the small changing area.

Meanwhile, I shimmied out of my dress. For this wild public seduction, I had selected a sexy red strapless bra and matching thong panties with Cuban-heeled stockings. Fucking in a men’s dressing room had always been on my list of public sex fantasies, so I was happy to check this one off the bucket list. But for James, I’m pretty sure it was his first time in public, period. No doubt he would never forget this. I’d make sure of it.

I stepped up on the pedestal with a colorful selection of ties draped around me like a multi-part boa. “Ready, baby?”

James stepped out in only his black boxer briefs. “Holy shit!” he laughed. He kissed my cheek and played with the ties. “How will I ever choose?”

“WHILE I DEEP-THROATED HIM, JAMES GENTLY TUGGED ON THE TIES, PULLING ME CLOSER AND CLOSER.”

I giggled and embraced him, then he whispered, “How did I get so fucking lucky?”

He reached around, unclasped my bra, and began teasing my nipples with the ties and looping them around my tits. “I think I like the champagne color. Maybe the green?”

“I don’t think you can go wrong with any them.”

He leaned in and sucked my nipples. “Mmm…nope…”

We kissed, then I went right for his stiff cock, sliding my hand through the thin slit in his boxer briefs. I stepped off the pedestal, got on my knees, and took him all the way into my mouth.

While I deep-throated him, James gently tugged on the ties, pulling me closer and closer. I face-fucked him for a few moments before rolling his wet cock between my breasts and the fancy ties while I teased his head with my tongue.

“I love seeing how much you want me,” I whispered as the pre-come and spit rolled down my chin.

James groaned but held it together. “Turn around,” he said.

I obeyed, and James slid down my thong and began fucking me doggy-style. It was such a rush looking up and seeing myself getting pounded in the wrap-around mirrors. And from what I could tell of my husband’s expression, fucking me like this, so out in the open, so brazenly, was a whole new level of arousal.

“Oh, fuck! Harder!” I moaned trying to keep quiet through clenched teeth. I frantically rubbed my clit as James nailed my G-spot. In almost no time, I squirted right there on the floor.

And then I turned around so James could finish on my face and tits. We ended up buying four silk neckties that day. You come on it, you buy it.

Perhaps bolstered by a newfound sense of confidence, James wore his new suit to the dreaded performance review and ended up getting promoted.

Naturally, we had to buy him another suit to celebrate—and christen his new corner office after hours—but that's another story.

–K.L. via email

PERMISSION GRANTED

My wife Kendra and I are both in our early 40s with no kids. We enjoy our freedom to travel and pursue all kinds of hobbies, including sex. I wouldn't say that we have a completely open marriage. It's more like one with "occasional, negotiable openings," if that makes sense. Whenever there is an "opening," there are rules.

Besides total honesty and safe sex, the number-one rule of the game is that no fucking is allowed until the wife sees and approves who she is—and vice versa. Neither one of us has ever asked to formally meet the other person, so there are never any awkward introductions. My wife and I like to play this game of covert "check out."

Sometimes I'll tip her off with a text and Kendra will walk by the café and peep through the window, or I'll tell her to drive through the park so she can watch the potential babe jogging. (If it's one of her playmates, she might tell me what bar she's sitting at and text a description of the potential guy. That kind of thing.)

The other woman has no idea that my sexy wife is checking her out, which makes it even more exciting between the two of us. We also never share information about each other with our respective play partners other than the fact that we are happily married and that the affair is copacetic with our spouse. The other rule is that any "play time" is strictly sexual; there's no "dating" on the side or any kind of emotional involvement beyond the occasional hot hookup.

I've never been "denied," and Kendra had good reasons for the denial since it could have harmed one or both of us professionally. Which brings me to the final rule, discretion: no coworkers, no friends of friends—nothing that could become needlessly messy or complicated. And lastly, while this isn't a "rule" *per se*, Kendra and I try to keep tabs on how frequently we both seek out playmates, just to make sure that it really is all about playing and having fun to enhance our marriage instead of feeling like we're lacking something and looking elsewhere. We would never want the thrill of our "occasional openings" to get out of control and lead to alienation of affection or worse.

Our type of arrangement is a fine line to walk, and I thought I had it pretty well figured out. But my incredible wife still found a way to surprise me this past summer. Months later, my head is still spinning with lust and newfound possibilities.

First off, Kendra is absolutely fucking gorgeous. She's got shoulder-length, layered auburn hair, green eyes, full C-cups tits that are a mouthful, and a cunt and asshole that love getting stuffed. When I met her back in college and figured out that I was dealing with a real nympho who had a real heart, marrying her was a no-brainer. In the event that she would ever ask for our adventures to cease and desist, I would be happy just having her—although I get off when Kendra tells me about her occasional flings with other guys. My wife, my love, my cock-hungry slut.

Going back to the "no coworker rule," I'd never fuck my secretary. She isn't my type, anyway, but even if she was, that would be too disruptive, too risky. However, when my secretary went on leave to care for her ailing mother in Phoenix, the temp agency sent over this babe named Hallie who was fresh out of college.

Hallie was unbelievable: long legs, long tumbling dark hair, pretty light blue eyes, and a great ass in a pencil skirt. Hallie was bubbly with an openly flirtatious way about her. If she were my permanent secretary, I'd be in so much trouble.

After meeting Hallie, I immediately went home to my wife that night and asked if we could maybe make an exception. After all, as a temp, shewould be gone in a month, and this chick was just too enticing not to sample. "Please,

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"I UNZIPPED AND STOOD BACK, WATCHING KENDRA STRIP HALLIE OF HER BRA AND PANTIES."

honey? Do you think you could check her out?"

Kendra smiled. "If you say she's that hot, then I definitely want to see her. Why don't I come by tomorrow and take you to lunch?"

I was in conference calls all morning long and didn't expect Kendra until 1 PM. Imagine my surprise when I emerged from my office to see Kendra and Hallie giggling and talking at the reception desk. Upon seeing me, they both turned and Kendra waved me over.

"Hi honey," I smiled curiously. "I didn't think you'd be here yet." I kissed her on the forehead and nodded hello to Hallie.

"My morning appointment canceled, so I came here," Kendra smiled. "Hallie and I were just having some girl talk."

"Your wife is really cool, Mr. Hatfield," Hallie smiled.

I laughed. "Yes, she is definitely something special." I paused, glancing from Hallie to my wife, trying to figure out what was up. "Well, we're off to lunch now, so hold down the fort."

"Yes, sir." Hallie smoothed her skirt and sat down at the desk.

"It was nice meeting you, Hallie." Kendra turned back and waved.

We got into the car, and I could barely contain myself. "Well?"

Kendra smiled stoically. "I understand completely why you want her, Kirk. She is a morsel, but, let me sleep on it, okay?"

"Of course."

We headed to lunch and the rest of the workday went along as usual. That night, I met Kendra at home for dinner and her phone buzzed.

"Oh. Hey, honey?"

"Yes?"

"So, I maybe might have some fun, too. Do you think you'd be up for 'meeting for a drink' at the Grand Hotel?"

"Oh? Sure." I grinned. "Who am I checking out?"

Kendra smiled. "Oh, I think I'm going to keep you in suspense until you see for yourself. But if we're all good, I'm going to get dressed and head down and why don't you follow me in about twenty minutes?"

"Sounds like a plan to me." If my wife wanted to regale me with some fun in the meantime, I wasn't going to complain.

As instructed, I waited about twenty minutes after Hallie left to head over to the posh hotel bar. It was surprisingly crowded for a weeknight. My eyes roved through the crowd, searching for my auburn-haired goddess, and that's when I saw Hallie waving to me from a corner booth. Surprise, surprise–as I made my way over, my wife stood up and greeted me.

My eyes must've been as wide as saucers.

"Hey honey. You can pick your jaw up from the floor now." She giggled and kissed me on the cheek.

Hallie giggled, too. "Good evening, Mr. Hatfield–I told you your wife was cool."

I grinned from ear to ear. "Ladies, what have you two been plotting here?"

"Why don't we head upstairs and Hallie and I will show you?" Kendra smiled and took Hallie's hand. The girls walked hand in hand all the way to the elevator, giggling and looking back at me.

Somehow we made it to the room

without everyone ripping their clothes off, but when we got there, everything happened fast. Kendra pulled Hallie into a passionate embrace and unzipped her slinky cocktail dress. And then I felt Hallie reaching over to tug on my belt. I unzipped and stood back, watching Kendra strip Hallie of her bra and panties.

And then I reached over and unzipped my wife's dress. I kissed my way down Kendra's neck and back. "I love you, babe," I whispered, unhooking her bra.

Kendra whispered back. "I love you, too. Now let's enjoy this."

Hallie was fully nude now in the middle of the bed. I reached around and cupped my wife's breasts. "Did you see these, Hallie? You can make her so wet when you suck on her nipples."

"Let me try," Hallie kissed Kendra again and went to work sucking on her tits.

I got behind Hallie and squeezed her round ass. "I've been wanting this since the moment I saw you in a skirt." I gave her a little swat.

Hallie giggled. "Go on, then, and taste it."

Hallie straddled my face and let me eat her ass and pussy. Meanwhile, my wife and Hallie had shifted their focus to my erect cock. Their tongues lavished my shaft with wet affection as they took turns trying to shove my length all the way down their throats.

Hallie was frequently distracted by my tongue and would make the most adorable moaning sounds, muffled by my dick.

I groaned, "Ladies, this is heaven, but you're going to push me over the edge…"

Kendra looked up and chuckled.

I smacked Hallie's ass again leaving a pink palm print on her skin. "Why don't you eat my wife's pussy? I've always wanted to watch her be pleasured."

Hallie smiled as she embraced my wife again.

"I think you should fuck her while she eats me, honey," my wife said as she kissed and stroked Hallie's pert breasts.

My wife held Hallie's hair back for her and guided the younger slut's tongue down to her clit. Hallie used her slender hands to grip the inside of Kendra's thighs as she licked her pussy hard and full. Kendra moaned and clutched Hallie's hair, steering her head as Hallie cupped her lips and sucked Kendra's clit.

I slid inside Hallie from behind.

"Oh, fuck!" Hallie squealed. She was tight, and the sensation was delicious.

I grunted as I thrust into her as deeply as I could. "You just make sure to make my wife come, too."

"Yes, sir." Hallie moaned. She reached her hands up to Kendra's breasts, pinching her nipples and slurping all over my wife's pussy.

We continued like this for a while until both the girls climaxed. Then I insisted on the women switching positions. Now I wanted to fucl my incredible wife while Hallie sat on her face.

Kendra moaned. "Oh, god, she tastes so sweet. Fuck me harder, Kirk!"

After the girls had another round of dripping-wet orgasms, I couldn't contain myself. I came deep inside Kendra—after all, she's my wife—but when I pulled out, Hallie volunteered to lick off the remaining come and pussy juice.

I collapsed in an exhausted but satisfied heap. I fell asleep to the sight of Kendra and Hallie kissing and touching each other.

We played with Hallie a few more times before she took another job out of state. And since we realized it is even more fun to play *together*, my wife and I have agreed on some new rules…and granted each other permission to break all of them.

–P.G. Houston, Texas

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GIRL ZONE

THESE TWO NYMPHS NEVER RUN OUT OF THINGS TO DO TOGETHER.

"I LOVE THE WAY KENDRA'S FINGERS FEEL INSIDE OF ME. "

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AUDIO EROTICA

An annoying co-worker ends up giving Molly the surprise fuck of a lifetime.

By Molly Kirk

I record audiobooks for a living. Sometimes, I do them in my home studio, but sometimes I have to work with a sound engineer to record them in a booth across town. I almost always get assigned the same guy, and I can't stand him.

It takes about three full days to record an average book, so that's three full days of being shut in a tiny sound booth with no one for company but Marcus, the asshole sound engineer.

When we first started working together, I thought he was shy and not great with people. Then I realized he's just an asshole.

It's normal when you're in the middle of recording for the engineer to stop you periodically when you miss a word, say the wrong thing, or something doesn't sound right to them. There's a polite way of doing this that doesn't interfere with the narrator's flow. Marcus did not do it the polite way. I would get so annoyed with how rude he was that my voice would start to sound angry, so he stopped me even more for hitting the wrong tone.

It didn't help that most of the work I did was for romance and erotica, and I always swore he was mocking me. I don't think there's anything wrong with reading romance or raunchy books, and I really enjoyed recording them in the privacy of my home studio—but when I had to record sex scenes with Marcus listening to every word, it was miserable. I swore he was deliberately making me repeat phrases that were filthy.

I was in the studio with him on our second-to-last day of a steamy romance novel when I finally snapped.

In the book, things had been building and building between the characters until they had at last reached the scene where they were going to fuck.

"*…as he slammed me against the wall while still kissing me, I no longer cared about anything but the throbbing need between my thighs. I could feel the length of his hard cock pressed against*—"

"—Try that again," Marcus cut in on the intercom.

I took a deep breath, trying not to roll my eyes.

"*I could feel the length of his hard cock*—"

"HATE SEX SUDDENLY SOUNDED LIKE THE BEST IDEA IN THE WORLD. I COULDN'T EXPLAIN IT, BUT I WANTED HIM."

"One more time."

"*I could feel the length of his hard cock*—"

"Try it again. Your tone changed that time."

"Of course my fucking tone changed. How many times do you want me to say cock!? Cock. Cock. COCK. Dick. Penis. Dong! There! Have you heard it enough times yet? Can you just let me do my job for once?"

The bastard was smiling like he thought my little outburst was amusing.

"No problem. Sorry you felt attacked. I'm just trying to do my job, too, though hearing you swear is definitely one of the perks. Also, if you say dong again, I might not be able to hold it together. Fair warning."

He was trying to make a joke. How dare he be charming when I was this pissed? How dare he also be stupidly attractive with his shaggy hair and adorable dimples while he was doing it?

I sat back down on my stool, attempting to regain some degree of dignity, which is tough after you've just yelled multiple words for male anatomy at your coworker. I took a deep breath and began to read.

"*I could feel the length of his hard cock pressed against my stomach, and I wanted desperately to surrender to him. I needed to feel Marcus thrust deep inside of me, claiming my maidenhead*—"

I jerked up in a rage as he hit the intercom button, but he was laughing too hard to get any words out.

"Are you fucking twelve? This isn't funny! Why did you stop me?"

"You said *my* name instead of 'Rafe,'" he said with tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"I did not, you perv."

"Did too! Come in here and I'll play it back for you."

I stormed out the door of the sound booth and opened the door of the control booth, slamming it behind me and leaning against it with my arms crossed.

I stood there looking indignant until my own voice played through the speakers, and sure enough, I heard myself say, "*I needed to feel Marcus thrust deep inside of me*—"

He played it four times for me. I didn't think my cheeks could get any hotter or any redder. I was partly embarrassed

by the slip but also mortified to find that hearing the words in my own voice had caused me to realize something: I really *did* want Marcus to fuck me. Hate sex suddenly sounded like the best idea in the world. I couldn't explain it, but I wanted him.

I glanced up and found him staring at me from his chair. He had stopped laughing, and if the look on his face was any indication, his thoughts were racing in the same direction as mine. There was a brief pause that was charged with electric tension, and then we both exploded toward each other in the same instant.

He overpowered me, pushing me back against the door, pinning my arms above my head with his. I found his mouth and kissed him frantically, instantly lost in the moment. His lips trailed their way to my neck, and he seemed intent on slowing things down, but I didn't want foreplay or sweet sex. I just wanted the raw energy of an impromptu fuck without making it personal. It felt like a good way to get him out of my system.

I grabbed him by the hair to stop him.

"Do you have a condom?" I asked.

"I think so," he replied, looking a little surprised, but smiling at me with his adorable dimples again.

"HE OVERPOWERED ME, PUSHING ME BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, PINNING MY ARMS ABOVE MY HEAD WITH HIS."

He turned to rifle through his bag and came back with the unmistakable square package. While he undid his pants and put on the condom, I dropped my jeans and panties to the floor and got on all fours.

He hesitated behind me, leaning down to press more kisses along my spine.

"Why don't we slow things down?" he murmured against my skin. "I want this to be good for you, too. Let me make you come first."

"Seriously, just shut up and fuck me."

He hesitated again, so I got back up, pushed him down on the floor, and climbed on top. Sometimes a girl has to do it herself to get what she wants.

He was chuckling at my aggressive move but stopped as I lowered myself onto his cock. He gasped when he was all the way inside of me and I began to grind up and down on him. I was riding him with utter abandon, for the first time in my life not giving a shit what he thought or how he felt. I rubbed my clit as I slammed against him. When I was about to come, I knew I was digging the nails of my other hand into his chest, but I didn't care. The idea of hurting him turned me on that little extra bit that I needed to finally come.

He hadn't finished yet, and I contemplated leaving him like that to punish him for being such an asshole but decided it felt good enough that I would be punishing myself, too. I kept grinding along his cock, slapping our hips together roughly. He didn't last much longer, squeezing his hands into fists and groaning as he finished.

I got up, leaving him to deal with the condom mess, and pulled my underwear and pants back on. He tried to kiss me, but I pushed him away.

"This doesn't mean I like you," I said, turning to go back into the recording booth.

He was laughing again. "Then what

the hell was that?"

"Hate sex. Good hate sex, but hate sex nonetheless. Ready to keep going?"

I didn't wait for a response, shutting myself back in the other room and finding my place in the book again. I could see him grinning through the glass but chose to ignore him completely.

We got through the rest of that day without me having to repeat another filthy word.

When I got home that night, I came six times while thinking about fucking him again, but I swore I wasn't going to. We just had one more day to get through, and I was going to be a professional about the whole thing.

I arrived on time the next morning and greeted him politely, then disregarded him while we prepared to start recording.

He pressed the intercom and said, "I've got new pages for you. The publisher made some changes. I just emailed it to you."

I opened the new file on my iPad and found the section where we had left off the day before.

I started reading, quickly finding my groove. The story was still highly erotic, but I focused on the sound of the words, trying not to picture Marcus and accidentally say his name again.

When we started the next chapter, I almost immediately realized something was wrong with the book. We had made some kind of jump into a sex scene that didn't follow what had been happening in the story.

I stopped reading and said, "This doesn't make sense. Are you sure these are the right pages?"

"Yeah. It's new scenes. They'll fix the order in editing."

I had never recorded something out of sequence before, but I kept going.

"The day before, I'd asked him to just fuck me, but deep down I longed for more. I loved the feel of Marcus's dick, but I wondered what his tongue would feel like against my pussy."

I jolted in embarrassment, realizing I had said his name again, but then I confirmed it was really on the page this time.

"What the hell is this?"

"Just keep going."

He was up to no good, but the idea that he had written a romance novel scene just for me was both charming and sexy.

As I kept reading, my voice changed from professional narrator to phone sex operator. He had written a dirty scene for me, and it was hot. I decided to reward him.

I glanced up at him between sentences and sucked on one of my fingers before lifting my skirt and sliding it into my panties. I kept reading, but now I was touching myself, rubbing the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs as I narrated his fantasy into the microphone.

I looked back up, but he had disappeared from the control room. The door to my booth opened, and he strode in, dropping to his knees in front of me. Before I could ask what he was doing, he said, "Don't let me distract you. Keep reading."

I called his bluff, but as I continued to read his naughty scene, I discovered how perfectly it aligned with what he was doing. I was literally narrating what was happening.

"*On his knees in front of me, he slid his hands up between my thighs, brushing my panties as he continued up to my hips. I wondered if he could already feel how soaked they*

were, but there would be no doubt as he slid them down my legs and held them in his hands. It was clear that though I claimed to hate him, I wanted him like I had never wanted another man."

I opened my mouth to make a smartass comment, but he chose that moment to sink forward and slide his tongue along my clit, causing me to lose the ability to think. I tried to keep reading just to prove that I could, but he was too good. He knew exactly the way I wanted to be touched.

I spread my legs wider, and he thrust his fingers into my pussy. He was still flicking my clit with his tongue, and the extra pressure of feeling him inside me was bliss. I was getting so close to coming, but I wanted him to fuck me. I tried to stop him like I had the day before, but he shook his head and raised an eyebrow.

"Not a chance. I'll fuck you after you come, but I need to feel it against my mouth first."

"I SPREAD MY LEGS WIDER, AND HE THRUST HIS FINGERS INTO MY PUSSY."

I couldn't argue with him. It felt too good. I moaned loudly as my orgasm exploded.

He quickly bent me over the chair and plunged into me. I hadn't even noticed him putting the condom on, but he was hard and ready.

I came again as he filled me, stretching me wide as he pounded me from behind.

We collapsed to the floor in a heap, this time kissing sweetly. I was definitely warming to him.

"Hey, Marcus…?"

"Mmmhmm," he nuzzled against my shoulder.

"Did you record that whole thing? Me coming?"

I could feel his smile against my skin.

"Maybe," he grinned at me. "I need something to listen to if you decide to hate me again!"

I was willing to keep pretending to hate him if this was the sex it got me, but I suspected we weren't going to need to fake anything in that department. We still had the end of the book to get through, and I was pretty sure I wasn't going to make it to the end without fucking him again. Filthy romance novels are the best.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE GUEST STAR

An insatiable housewife hunts down the perfect recurring guest star to join her and her husband.

Becky's fall party was always a thing. Not just with all those invited, but with us as a couple. She used the venue to choose a new man to join us. Usually for a few evenings. A night where I watched, a night where I participated, and a night where I shared her.

The moment a chill was in the air she started planning for our outdoor party. It wasn't just a matter of drinks and food and who would be invited, but who was new that she might be interested in. Who did I find intriguing? Who could we approach that night and even, possibly, seduce before the night was over.

Over hot cider and a few donuts she'd made from scratch, we made a list and brainstormed.

Then, she led me upstairs and stripped off her brown sweater with the elbow patches and faded jeans as she teased me.

"Who are we going to find to fuck me, baby?"

I pulled off my own jeans and yanked off my long sleeve tee.

"Who do you want?" My cock was already rock hard and I watched her come toward me.

She grabbed me by the dick like it was a handle and pulled me to her.

"I want a big guy with a big cock," she said.

She stroked me with her tight fist as she said it. My eyes rolled back in my head a little and I felt my arousal like a lightning strike.

"I want a dark-haired guy with a little gray, maybe. Who won't mind my strapping hubby sitting next to us on the bed while he fucks me. Who will want to come back for seconds. And for thirds."

She got down on her knees and put my cockhead in her mouth. She sucked it like a lollipop and I threaded my fingers through her dark hair. I tugged just enough to make her gasp.

I held her steady and fucked her mouth. When I pulled free she looked up at me and licked her lips before asking. "Any ideas?"

"One or two," I said. "I'll add them to your list."

She nodded. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Just picturing her scenario had me ready to come. I helped her up, bent her over the dresser, her upper body splayed, her hair spread out and tousled. I knew damn well she'd be wetter than wet as I thrust two fingers into her hot pussy.

"MY EYES ROLLED BACK IN MY HEAD A LITTLE AND I FELT MY AROUSAL LIKE A LIGHTNING STRIKE."

She purred, bucked, moved back to take them. I added another and spread them so I opened her some. She hissed at the pressure, but then turned her head and said to me, "Fuck me, baby. I'm so ready. I need you."

I slid into her taking my sweet time, making her shimmy. I held the hearty flare of her hips and pounded her. She was so fucking tight when I slid into her, but as I fucked her the tightness grew. Soon the feel of her pussy working around my cock was almost unbearably good.

She slid her had beneath her hips and I felt the tickled and sway of her fingers as she stroked her clit.

"I'm coming, baby," she growled. She didn't need to tell me, though, because I felt ever flicker and spasm.

I pulled free of her a moment later and painted her pale lower back with my cum.

The day of her party it was chilly but she was the best hostess. The outside fire pits were roaring. She had a handsome guy manning each one. We walked around as a couple giving out spiked cider, beer, wine, and her signature cocktail called a Fall Flannel.

We found him halfway through the rounds. I smiled. It was Michael. The newest electrician at my company.

His eyes immediately went to Becky's beautiful body in her form fitting sweater and jeans. Then he wrangled his gaze, most likely thinking it rude.

I grinned and handed him a beer. "Enjoying yourself?"

"A lot," he said, taking a swig. "The food is excellent."

I squeezed Becky tight against my side, making sure to let my fingers wander along the side swell of her breast so he could see. She was the only woman I knew who looked as fucking hot in a sweater as she did a bathing suit.

"That's all Becky. She's the mastermind."

Becky went right about working her magic. She reached out and stroked his arm. "I'm glad you like it. And I'm glad you came. Can we maybe pull you aside to talk in a few minutes? Once we get through the hellos?"

He looked perplexed but curious. "Sure."

Her hand lingered for a moment and

he glanced at it. She squeezed his biceps and gave a small laugh. “Sorry. You’re so…hard.”

Then we went about the rest of our greetings. I could hardly wait for things to get started.

The conversation with Michael went as easy as you please. When the rest of the guests left, he stayed behind. We sat around the fire pit for a while, having a drink, but then Becky stood, reached out both hands. We each took one and stood. We followed her inside silently. She was clearly in charge.

I stripped down to my boxer briefs and sat on the bed in my spot, my back propped against the padded headboard.

She undressed slowly and no one spoke. Pulling the sweater over her head left her hair fluffy and full, her tits popped free, and before she could even unbutton her jeans, Michael was pressing his tongue to one pink nipple.

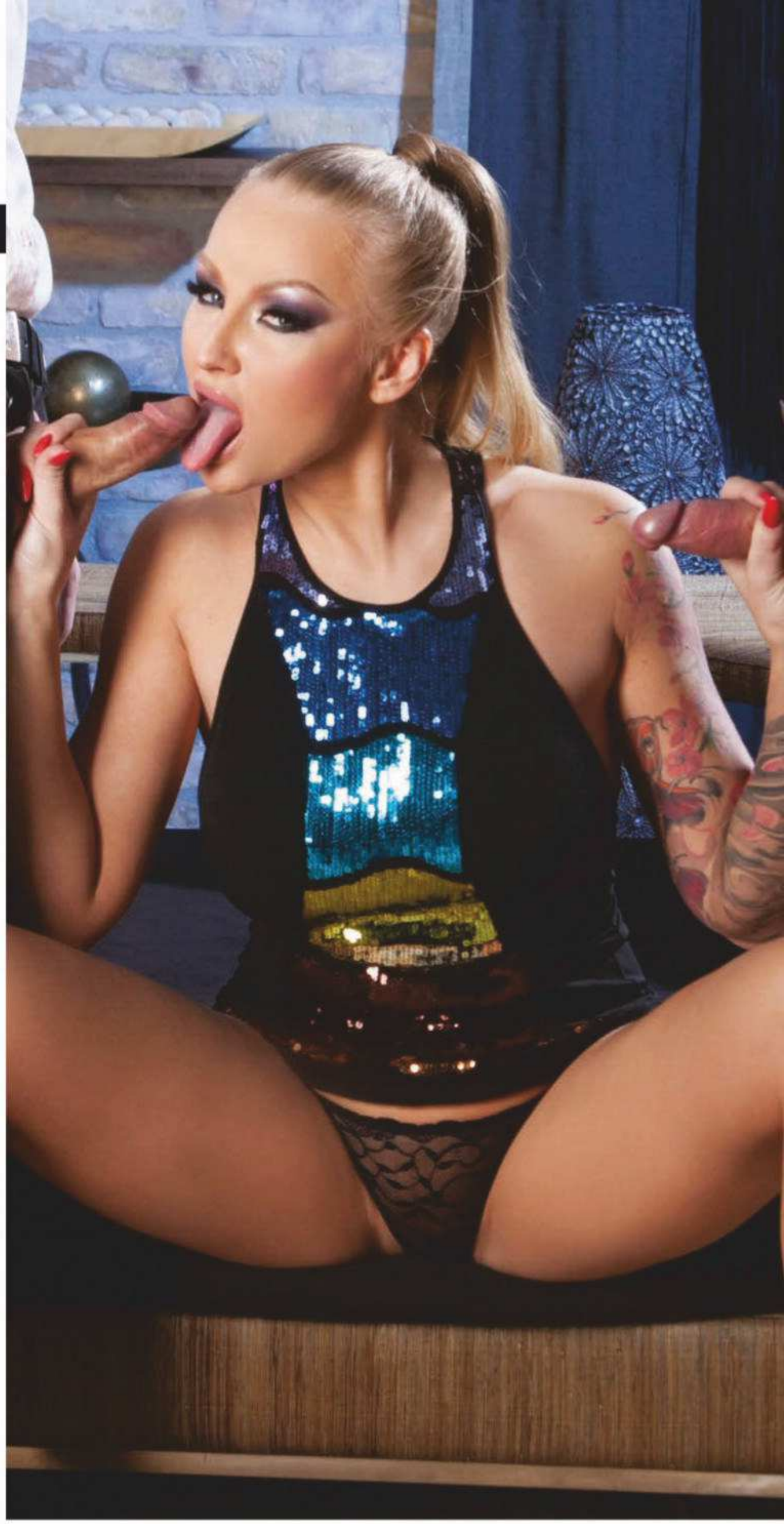
He sucked it into his mouth and drew on it. My wife purred as he slid his hand down into her jeans. He held her there for a moment before moving to the other nipple. Her head fell back even as she managed to shimmy out of her jeans. She was naked and he was clothed. She shook her head and pushed him back with tented fingers.

“Take them off, please.”

He made an animal noise and stripped in seconds. His cock stood out like a rod, flushed and hard. She sank down to her knees and glanced at me. I nodded once and she went at him. Tracing his cockhead with her little pink tongue. He watched, mesmerized, as she sucked just the tip of him into her mouth. Then she drew her lips down lazily. She pushed her mouth down his shaft until her plump lips touched the base of his cock.

He grabbed her long hair and held it as he fucked her face.

My cock ached and my breath caught. Watching her in action was fantastically arousing.



LETTER OF THE MONTH

Michael pulled free of her eager mouth and held out his hand. When she took it, he led her to the bed. He laid her down horizontally, her head near my hips. He pushed her legs high and settled on his knees between them. His mouth closed over her pussy and she gasped. His tongue ran along her slick folds before zeroing in on her swollen clit. I could see the shades of pink and red between her legs, her wetness, her readiness. I could smell her from where I sat.

He pushed a finger inside her—just one—and flexed it. Her arousal was so high, she came. Her head tilting back, her eyes finding mine, her fists clutching the bedsheets.

Then he was over her, dragging his dick along her slick slit. He slid into her slowly. His eyes never meeting mine even when hers did.

He found a rhythm she liked. Becky thrust up beneath him, holding him with her arms. Her hair spread out on the bed, tickling my hip. I grabbed my cock and freed it from my boxer briefs. I jerked off, watching him fuck her. Watching her writhe and move beneath him. She came with a shout that shivered my eardrums.

I shot my load about three seconds before Michael shot his.

She took his head in her hands and looked at him. "Around here, you clean up after yourself," she said.

She pushed his head and he took the hint, sliding down her body, going down on her, lapping at her pussy until she came one more time.

Becky led him out while I hopped in the shower, giving my cock a squeeze, remembering the sight of her driving into her, his chest smashed against her tits.

She climbed in with me, reaching around, and stroked the tip of my cock. Her lips settled on the back of my neck and I shivered.

"How was that, baby?"

"That was amazing," I said. "I do," she said.

"And did you talk to him about coming back? The next step?"

Her hand worked lather along the tops of my thighs.

"Yes. He'll come back next Friday night. This time you get to help."

My cock twitched. She squeezed me. "And in the morning…?"

"In the morning, I take that pussy back," I said, cupping her mound. "Mine."

The week flew. Anticipation can do that.

This time when Michael arrived he shook my hand and I gestured to the bedroom. He bounded up the steps and was undressed before Becky and I arrived. I grinned. "Looks like someone is looking forward to this," I said, nodding at his hard cock.

Becky purred and stepped toward him. She pushed down her leggings and kicked them off. Then she peeled off her tunic. Her tits bounced enticingly. Michael grunted, palming them, then kneading them with his hands. She let her eyes drift shut as he kissed her neck. It's something that drives her wild.

He pushed his hand between her thighs and tested her with a finger. When he found her wet, he added a second.

I got on the bed and watched. She worked her hips as he finger fucked her. I knew that could get her off sometimes, and he must have hit the magic spot, because she started clutching his arm and whimpering as she came. Her hair fell across her face and I watched her body move with the pleasure.

"She squirted," he said to me.

I smiled. "Yeah, she'll do that sometimes."

He pushed his hand to her mouth and Becky didn't hesitate. She licked his hand free of her juices and then turned to me. I beckoned for her to come and she got on the bed, pushing herself back between my spread thighs so that her back rested against my chest. Her head just beneath my chin. I cradled her like that as she spread her legs wide.

I pinched her nipples and then stroked them, made them stand up straight and hard like small pink erasers. She rocked her trim hips back and forth with excitement as she said, "Come fuck me, Michael."

Michael didn't have to be asked

twice. He crawled up between her thighs, kissing her all the way. His mouth dragging across her inner thighs, her hipbones, her lower belly. He delivered a quick bite to her hip and she yelped, then gave a purr. He slipped his tongue along her mound and then parted her pussy lips and licked her clit. He didn't give her much. He simply worked her with his tongue long enough to get her hotter, then he moved up and positioned himself. His arms rested on either side of me as he prepared to fuck her. He slid into her slowly. Dragging it out. Making her wait—making me wait—making us all hot with anticipation.

His rhythm was slow at first, then he sped up. She raised her strong hips to get him deeper. My cock strained against her back and I thought if I got any harder I'd die. The friction of her moving against me as he fucked her had me breathless.

I reached around and stroked her nipples. Several times she'd come just from nipple play. When she was horny they were super sensitive. I ran my fingers along the taut rosy skin. They were hard beneath my touch but managed to grow harder. I pinched her, using maximum pressure, and she whimpered.

"Do that again," Michael rasped. "Her pussy jumped."

I knew damn well it would when I pinched her. It's why I did it.

I applied pressure again, trapping the small points of hard flesh between my fingers.

She moaned.

He hissed between his teeth. "Jesus– "

Becky wriggled, caught between us. Her ass sliding back and forth, up and down, over my hard cock.

She came suddenly, her body bowing in my arms. I knew that around his cock, her cunt would be flickering, squeezing, spasming. It would be pure bliss. And

"HIS MOUTH DRAGGING ACROSS HER INNER THIGHS, HER HIPBONES, HER LOWER BELLY."

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Michael's face said he agreed.

"Jesus–" he repeated.

She pulled her legs up high, parting her body more for him. Getting him deeper.

His face became a serious mask, as if concentrating on a hard math problem. Then he grunted and came, saying her name once as he did.

He pulled free of her and spread the creamy tip of his cock over her mound while I watched. Then Becky smiled and said, "Now what are you supposed to do?"

"HE PULLED FREE OF HER AND SPREAD THE CREAMY TIP OF HIS COCK OVER HER MOUND WHILE I WATCHED."

Michael grinned and went down to work. He lapped at her, cleaning up the mess he'd left, tonguing her clit with eager swipes of his tongue.

She wriggled against me as he worked.

"Put your fingers in me," she said. Michael obeyed.

He slid a thick bundle of fingers inside her and fucked her.

This time when she came she pressed back against me forcefully, deliberately, wiggling. She knew it would get me off, and it did. I came against the small of her back, holding her close as he ate her pussy to exquisite orgasm.

When he left, he said, "Next week?"

I nodded. "Same time, same place, but this time, I'm in the game. Keep that in mind."

He tipped me a soft salute and left.

Becky wriggled atop me for a moment, her wet pussy hot on my belly. "How was that, baby?"

I grabbed the end of her hair and pulled her down. "Perfect."

It was impossible to wait, at least it felt like, but by that last Friday he came waltzing in and we didn't even make it to the bedroom. Together, as a single unit we began to undress Becky.

My beautiful wife stood there between us, mouth parted, eyes narrowed in pleasure. I wrapped my arms around her waist, grinding my cock along her sweet tight ass crack. Michael bent to take her nipple in his mouth, sliding a finger into her instantly.

"Wet," he mumbled as he moved to the other nipple and drew on it hard.

She pushed back against me, pushing her ass against my hard-on, making me crazy.

"Turn around," I said.

She did, instantly. I pushed her shoulders slowly and she got down on her knees. I followed suit and then so did Michael. I slid my dick into her luscious mouth, brushing it over her plump lower lip, watching her envelop me.

Michael didn't wait. He slid into her pussy slowly, holding her hips in a proprietary way that made my cock that much harder. He might be taking her at the moment, but she was mine.

I grabbed handfuls of her hair and guided my cock in and out of her mouth. She sucked it fervently, her slick tongue sliding along my length, lapping at the thick vein that ran up the back. She sucked just my tip like a hard candy, until I drove back into her mouth, feeling the brush of her throat across my cockhead.

Michael fucked her furiously. His hips pistoning. His fingers digging into the meat of her hips so hard there were pale circles on her skin. She slammed back against him, her eyes on me, her mouth working, her face a mask of pleasure.

"Do you want to come?" I asked.

She nodded around me.

"Are you going to come?"

She nodded again, whimpering.

She slipped her hand beneath her body and started to stroke her clit.

"God, she's tight," Michael grunted.

"She's about to get tighter," I said.

She sucked me furiously, her mouth getting more insistent as she got closer to coming. I was barely moving. She was doing all the work.

Michael pushed a finger into her ass. I watched him do it nice and slow.

She whimpered. Then he hissed. "Tighter," he said, more to himself than anyone.

His tempo increased as he worked his finger in and out of her back hole.

She looked up at me and whispered, "Fuck my mouth. Take it."

That made me groan and I held her head in my hands and started to fuck her mouth fast and hard.

Michael kept time with me and I felt her shudder, her trim body trembling and shaking, just as she came. A cry ripping out of her as her body bucked and swayed.

Michael moaned. I knew that pussy was squeezing him good. He managed a few more thrusts before he pulled free of her and jerked his cock hard and fast. His cum splashed along her lovely pale skin, painting a pattern on her lower back. I was last in line and that was fine with me. I came, fucking my wife's perfect mouth, and watched her swallow me down. Taking my dick until I stopped from sheer exhaustion.

I looked down at her, "How was that, love?"

"Perfect."

"And what do you want now?"

"A small intermission and then for you two to swap places."

I looked at Michael. "Are you up for that?"

He chuckled. "Is that even a real question?"

–C.T., Minneapolis, MI

PANTRY PLAY

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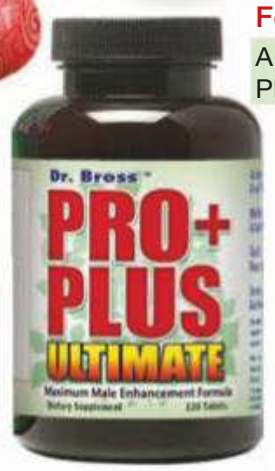

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LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

THE HOSTESS

A boring summer job turns into the most titillating sexual initiation April could ask for.

By April Hay

Around the same time that *Sex and the City* made New York and the Hamptons seem super-glamorous, I was living there in a decidedly not-so-glamorous way. Back then, I was a "scholarship kid" at a prestigious university in the city (a dual English and Political Science major), and once spring semester ended, I was always left in a lurch while my more affluent classmates jetted off to Europe or some Third World country where they allegedly did charity work to puff up their resumes.

Meanwhile, my family lived on the opposite coast, airfare was expensive, and the jobs didn't exist back in our small rural lumber town. As such, it was always a struggle to fund my summer living expenses and figure out logistics–especially when every company out there merely offered those swell "unpaid internships."

However, the summer between my sophomore and junior year, my old roommate's stepdad came through big time with an offer to let Mary and I live rent-free in the beach house that he got from his divorce–so long as we got jobs and kept the place clean until he and Mary's mom got back from Germany. Even with the moratorium on using the place for parties, we felt like we'd struck gold.

We moved in to our summer cottage in early May, and I managed to pick up a job as a seasonal hostess at one of the esteemed local restaurants while Mary worked for a specialty foods store. It was perfect.

"Thank your stepdad again for me, Mary," I said once I got home from work one night. "I would never actually get to keep any of these tips I make if I worked in the city and paid for a dorm room."

Mary was the epitome of preppy chic–a cute, leggy brunette with tiny boobs and a penchant for J.Crew and Ralph Lauren. She smiled at me from her spot on the couch, where she was flipping through the latest issue of *Cosmo*. "Don't worry about it. I mean, I'd be really bored house-sitting by myself."

"Did Dale call you?" I asked.

Mary shook her head. "No, but I'm not worried. Remember–you and I are going to that bonfire this weekend, so

"AND THEN I WATCHED AS SHE SPREAD HER PINK PUSSY LIPS AND GOT ON TOP OF HIS HUGE DICK."

if he doesn't have his act together, I'll find someone else to be my summer boyfriend." She shrugged and looked very matter-of-fact about the whole thing.

I admired how cool and collected Mary was when it came to guys–her breezy, preppy confidence. Back then, I was insecure and also way more emotionally invested in sex than the guys I was usually with–so it was a genuine recipe for disaster.

Mary yawned and stretched. "Good, because I think you need to think less. These 'bonobos' in their twenties aren't worth the scholarly analysis, April. Just enjoy a nice hard ride if you happen to run across a cute one–and keep it at that, hmm?"

I nodded. "I know…I wish I could find a real boyfriend, though."

Mary smiled. "Well, maybe you will. Out here in the summers, lots of totally eligible, decent guys are looking to party. But on the whole, I would suggest you just enjoy your tips and have a good time."

"Oh, trust me," I giggled. "I plan on 'enjoying' anything and everything."

I went upstairs to take my shower and took a good look at my body in the full-length mirror. I had bigger boobs than Mary, but a relatively petite frame, with hazel eyes and long, ash-blonde hair. I was totally doable. I turned on the shower and started lathering up, letting my hands rove over my curves. It had definitely been too long since I'd gotten laid. Even the thought of seeing a naked guy and sucking him off was making me excited. I reached down and started touching myself. Just as I was getting into a nice rhythm with my clit, Mary knocked at the door.

"Hey, April?"

"Yeah?" I called out while sighing to myself in frustration.

"I forgot to tell you–the fan is broken, so you'll probably want to open a window when you run the shower to let the steam out."

"Oh, okay, no problem." At that point, I finished rinsing off and turned off the water. I wrapped my towel around myself and then opened the bathroom window. The ocean breeze smelled wonderful. I reached up to the window to pop it open and something outside caught my eye.

The house next door had lights on upstairs, and from our bathroom, I could make out the figures of the couple next door. They were on the bed making out

and he was taking off her dress.

I knew my bedroom window lined up with theirs perfectly, so I hurried down the hall to get a better look.

The couple next door consisted of this lady with long red hair and really big boobs—at least D-cups, but maybe bigger. She slipped off her lacy thong to reveal a little landing-strip bush and a great ass. She had a centerfold's body.

He, on the other hand, was dark-haired and smooth-shaven. He had a toned but slender build and a huge cock that she sprang loose from his boxer briefs. I watched as the redhead got on her knees and began sucking him. Mesmerized, I let my towel drop to the floor and resumed touching myself as I watched the hot, unexpected peep show from my darkened bedroom.

She sucked him off for a while before getting on the bed. And then I watched as she spread her pink pussy lips and got on top of his huge dick. As she rode him, her tits bounced up and down as he grabbed her nipples in his mouth every chance he could.

I pinched my own nipples with a free hand while the other kept stroking my clit. I climaxed before they were near finishing. I pulled over a lounge chair and sat down to enjoy the remainder of their "show" while getting myself revved up all over again.

The second time I came, I must've fallen asleep after, because I woke up naked in the chair with the morning sun pouring on my face. The bedroom next door had the curtains closed, and the car in the driveway from yesterday was gone. I got dressed and ready for work as usual and met Mary downstairs for breakfast.

"Do you know any of the neighbors here?" I asked her.

"Other than Jon and Celeste down the street, really no one," she said. "Why?"

I smiled a little. "Uh, just curious. Is it mostly renters here in the summer?"

Mary shrugged. "I mean, even the owners come and go during the summer." She paused. "Did you see something?"

I must've been blushing. "Well, there was this redhead and some guy and they were going at it pretty good last night."

Mary giggled. "I can't say I'd recognize them, but duly noted—and good for them."

I nodded. "Yeah, no kidding. Well, I'm off. See you later."

"Have a good time at work. If Dale calls, I might not be here when you get home, but I'll call if I'm going to be super late."

"Okay, cool."

I headed off to work, and it was a pretty normal, busy lunch rush at the restaurant. We had our lull between lunch and dinner, so I took a break to touch up my make-up, eat a little, and get ready for a long but hopefully lucrative night ahead.

We were packed thanks to the holiday weekend coming up, so I had lots of people gunning for spots on the waitlist and even trying to bribe me. Just as the sea of hungry patrons was starting to recede, I was stunned to look up from my list and see, up close and in person, my naughty neighbors.

The redhead smiled at me. "Hi, we were wondering how long the wait is for two?"

"Oh, yeah." I could feel the blood rushing to my cheeks. "Sure, let me just take a look…"

I wanted to bury my face in the clipboard. Meanwhile, the guy was obviously checking me out, and he went on the offensive.

"Hey, I think I recognize your face. You live on First Street, right?"

I nodded—or at least I think I did.

The redhead flashed me a knowing smile. "I think we're your neighbors."

"Wow," I stammered.

"I'm Eric," he said, extending his hand.

"And I'm Brianna." She smiled wider.

LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

"Hi–I'm April." I shook both of their hands, feeling more awkward by the second. Did they know I watched them? Did they happen to see me naked in a chair by my window? These questions and more raced through my head as I blurted out: "Um, I can actually get you in at a booth over by the bar, if that's okay? You won't have to wait."

"Great," Eric said. "Thanks so much."

"Yeah, talk about being a good neighbor." Brianna giggled. "Thank you, April."

I smiled and nodded. "Right this way," Once they were seated, I wished I could disappear into the wall, but no dice. A couple hours later, Brianna and Eric paid their bill and greeted me again.

"We really appreciated you taking care of us tonight, April," Eric said. He slid me some folded dollar bills.

"Oh–wow, you don't have to do that–"

"Shhh," said Brianna. "I used to work in a restaurant, too, so yes, we have to." She smiled.

"Thank you both," I said, pocketing the money.

"I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again soon," Brianna winked at me and took Eric's arm.

I was stupefied until after they got in their car and left. And then I looked at the bills and found a napkin in the middle of the stash.

"I PULLED OUT THE NAPKIN AND SAW SCRAWLED IN BLUE INK: "MIDNIGHT TONIGHT, SAME PLACE AS LAST NIGHT.""

I pulled out the napkin and saw scrawled in blue ink: "Midnight tonight, same place as last night."

At once I was both mortified and aroused as I recalled the facts: They were a hip, attractive couple–and they knew about me watching them. They'd seen me naked too, probably, and they wanted me to somehow participate again. In less than twenty-four hours, my summer was taking quite the turn. I had no idea what this meant or where it was going, but in the spirit of what Mary told me, I figured it would be fun.

We started closing around 9, so by 11, I was home. Evidently Mary was with Dale, so I had the whole house to myself. I showered again and put on a little eyelet cotton slip. I climbed onto my bed and waited for their bedroom lights to turn on.

Sure enough, Brianna came in the room first, already naked. I watched as she took toys from the bedside drawer and began using them on herself. I moved the chair over to the window and began playing with myself, too.

Eric came in the room next, obviously fresh from the shower. He let his towel fall to the ground and climbed on the bed. I watched him tonguing Brianna's pussy–and over the roar of the ocean, I could make out the faintest moans of satisfaction. Tonight, Eric took control. He put Brianna's legs over his shoulders pile-driver style and pumped her full.

I waxed sentimental and jealous–that had been my favorite position with my ex. But I wasn't going to let the past ruin the incredible moment unfolding before me. I put both of my hands to work, with one rubbing my clit and the other pumping fingers in my pussy as fast as I could.

Just as Eric took Brianna over the edge, I made myself squirt, leaving a gooey puddle in the middle of the cushion.

As I caught my breath, I watched Eric pull out of Brianna and her eagerly licking up her pussy juices from his huge shaft. She titty-fucked him and eventually he finished all over her boobs. While Eric rolled over to fall asleep, Brianna surprised me by getting out of bed and coming to the window. Looking right at me, she smiled as she drew the blinds.

I fell asleep deeply aroused but still confused. Would this "live show" become a routine? I didn't have to wonder for long, because the next night at work, Brianna and Eric showed up again. My boss was standing there while

I turned twenty different shades of red.

I tried to play it cool. “Can I get you two a table—or would you like the booth you had again?”

Brianna smiled. “Either is fine.”

I stood there staring off into space, picturing her bouncing tits underneath the tank dress she was wearing.

“Hey, April—” My boss poked me with menus.

I laughed it off. “Sorry—right this way.”

Eric grinned. “No worries—I’m feeling pretty slow myself after a long day today.”

They had their dinner, and not surprisingly, I received another cash tip—with another note inside. But this time the napkin read: “Pajama party at our place when you get home.”

When I got home, I showered and put back on the eyelet slip. I assumed they liked how innocent it made me look. Mary was out for the night again, so there was no need for me to hide as I crept out the back door and went over to the neighbor’s porch. Before I knocked, Brianna opened the door and greeted me. “I’m so glad you came,” she beamed. “Wine?”

“Wine’s good,” I chuckled nervously.

Brianna was in a sexy black satin kimono. I couldn’t tell if she had on anything underneath, but she was a bombshell with her red hair in long, loose waves.

“Eric’s upstairs. I thought you and I could get a little better acquainted, if that’s okay?”

“Sure,” I nodded. “I mean…this is definitely a surprise…”

Brianna laughed. “Well, it’s a surprise for us, too. But a really, really happy one.” She handed me a glass of wine. “See, Eric and I do like to put on a show—and sometimes we do it in public. But we’ve always wanted a captive audience—and I’ve always wanted to play with a ‘third.’”

“Oh,” I nodded and took a sip of liquid courage.

“I had girlfriends back in college and

LETTERS

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

" I HAD NEVER FELT SO TURNED-ON OR DESIRABLE BEFORE."

I miss them." Brianna giggled and put her hand on my leg. "Have you had any girlfriends?"

"No—I mean…no." I laughed nervously. "Guys always want girls to kiss at the club and stuff. But I've never done anything with another girl before."

"Well, would you like to try tonight? I know Eric wants to have you, but I want you, too." Brianna reached over and ran her hands through my hair. "You're just a vision, April."

The blood rushed from my head to my clit as I felt her lips on mine. Before I knew it, Brianna and I were eagerly making out on the couch, and she'd slipped her hands into my panties. I was soaking wet and probably could have come right there with her touching me.

But that's when Eric showed up, fresh once more from the shower: "Hi again, April." He cleared his throat loudly. "Bree…honey. Are you going to hog her all for yourself?" he teased.

Brianna looked up and giggled. "No, no, I wouldn't dream of doing that to you. Come on, let's all go upstairs."

As we arrived in the bedroom, Brianna lifted my slip off and kissed me again. "See how perfect she is, Eric?" The two of us got in the middle of their king-sized bed.

"And you two are even more perfect together, mmm." Eric let his towel drop and stroked his bulging erection. "April, would you like Brianna to eat your pussy and make you nice and wet for me?"

"Sure," I said, suddenly feeling bold. "I want to play with her tits, too."

They both started laughing and Brianna undid her kimono. "Go on, feel them. Everyone thinks they're fake, but I promise, they're real."

I looked incredulous and squeezed Brianna's tits, letting my fingers circle her nipples. "Wow."

Brianna guided my mouth down to her nipples and put one of my fingers right beside her shaved pussy. I didn't know what I was doing, but I began playing with Brianna's clit while sucking her nipples—and she moaned and got wet.

Eric stood there stroking himself, pumped and primed for action.

Brianna tilted my chin upward and kissed me again. "Good job so far. Now let me taste you."

She spread my legs wider than they had ever been spread, so that every inch of my pussy and ass was exposed to the room. And then, without mercy, Brianna's tongue began its delicious torment. My eyes were mostly closed while I moaned, when I opened them, I could see Brianna's face also contorting in pleasure as Eric pounded her from behind.

Just when I thought I was headed for the brink, Brianna stopped and stood up. "She's ready for you now, babe."

Eric stepped over, and I was a little nervous wondering how that fat cock would fit inside my tight pussy. But the minute he entered me, it was nothing but toe-curling ecstasy. Brianna sprawled out beside me and alternated between rubbing my clit, licking my nipples, and kissing me. I had never felt so turned-on or desirable before. When I hit a screaming orgasmic peak, Eric pulled out and let Brianna finish him off with her mouth and tits again.

Brianna and Eric were in the Hamptons that entire summer—so by August, my sexual repertoire had grown above and beyond anything I could have imagined—or even attempted with the average "dudebro" at a party.

Even all these years later, my wild "first time" with the two of them still goes down in my sexual history as one of the best episodes of my life—although the following summer when I became Brianna's assistant at a publishing house, the steamy "after hours" sessions we had on our own are a close runner-up!

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LETTERS

GIRL MEETS GIRL

STUDY BREAK

Even though I'd bowed to tradition in my freshman year and pledged to one of the more "party-centric" sororities, I was still a bookworm who didn't drink much. Instead of going to the beach or shopping with my Kappa sisters, my summer between sophomore and junior year consisted of taking extra coursework. Back then I was an overly ambitious pre-med major, and so the chance to finish labs in the summer vs. attempting to cram them into my schedule during the fall was too good to pass up, even if it meant no social life.

Jennifer had transferred to our conservative-yet-urban Southern campus from somewhere out of state that spring. Apparently she was a cousin of one of my sorority sisters, and while she was friendly with almost everyone, she did not pledge any Greek life herself.

An artsy "bohemian type," Jennifer had green eyes and naturally curly brown hair tumbling down to her waist like a mermaid. I was surprised to see her in so many of my classes. She didn't give off a "science" vibe, but she was pre-med, too—and in the health sciences library as much as I was that summer.

One week in late July, I headed to my usual study spot, hoping to make some flash cards for organic chemistry. I must've been really engrossed, because I didn't see Jennifer come in. But when I looked up, she was at the next table, sitting so she and I were facing each other. I looked up from my notebook and gave her a small wave. She smiled back and mouthed "coffee?" at me, then glanced toward the door.

At the time, I didn't know Jennifer that well—but she didn't have to ask me twice to take a caffeine break and escape the draft from the library's overactive air conditioner.

We grabbed our iced coffees and headed outside to enjoy some sun. We made the usual small talk about classes and how busy we both were, but after a lull in the conversation, Jennifer leaned in and asked me: "So, besides being in a relationship with CHEM 102, are you seeing anyone lately?"

I laughed and shook my head. "No, that guy I met at spring fling conveniently forgot to mention that he had a girlfriend, so that's that."

"Oh, wow. What an ass." Jennifer shook her head.

I nodded. "And then, you know I'm just so busy with school, it's like I actually don't have time to deal with these losers."

"Well, don't take this the wrong way, but with your looks, I figured you'd definitely be one of the girls who had someone steady." Jennifer's eyes roved from my face down my body. "You're like the perfect future wife. And then you have a brain—that must be what throws them."

I laughed and sighed a little as I thanked her. I knew I was blushing—back then I was definitely more self-conscious, but Jennifer's words made me feel bold. I sipped my coffee and smiled at her. "Sometimes I wish I could just, you know, get my needs met and no drama."

Jennifer shrugged. "Yeah, well, that's why I actually bought a vibrator during campus sex week. Double AAs, no cheating, no ghosting, no beer dick."

I smirked. "I think at least 80% of my sorority sisters own something—and the rest are lying."

Jennifer touched my arm. "I'd be surprised if you ladies didn't experiment in other ways, too."

I laughed off her comment. "Oh, some of them kiss in front of guys sometimes." I paused. "I think that's why study abroad is so popular, because if it happens in Europe it doesn't really count."

Jennifer laughed. "I actually lived in Prague for a while and traveled around between my old school and coming here."

"Really?"

She smiled. "I'll tell you more later. But for now, I'll just say that I don't think

there's any shame in getting your needs met or expressing them—in any way."

I raised my coffee cup and laughed.

We resumed studying for the rest of the day. However, the next day when I looked up to see Jennifer seated at the table across from me, she gave me more than just a friendly nod.

When our eyes met, her smile turned mischievous. She mouthed, "watch me."

I mouthed back "what?" and Jennifer smiled wider and pointed "down" like something was under the table or on the floor by her.

When I looked, I had a front-and-center view of Jennifer's pussy. She wasn't wearing panties with her cutoff denim skirt today, and with the hand that wasn't gesturing at me, she was brazenly stroking her clit right there in public in the library. But in our corner, it was just the two of us—so I sat there, mouth agape, just stunned watching Jennifer's naughty little show.

I didn't know how else to react—other than to keep on watching, of course. Seeing Jennifer like this was having an unexpected effect on me, too—at that time, I had never watched another woman masturbate (not counting a random porn movie) or experimented with women sexually. I could feel myself getting wetter as I watched her, and it dawned on me that I wanted to participate, too.

I had on shorts that day, so all I could do is squirm in my seat, feeling my panties get soaked as Jennifer went on.

Finally, Jennifer paused and we locked eyes. She licked her juices from her fingers and mouthed to me: "Study break?" She stood up and smoothed her skirt, beckoning me deeper into the library stacks.

I grinned and followed after her.

Jennifer led me to one of those small conference rooms deep in the stacks—usually all of them are locked, but this one wasn't. She grabbed my hand,

"JENNIFER TRACED CIRCLES AROUND MY CLIT AND TEASED MY ENTRANCE WITH HER FINGERS."

pulled me inside, and the next thing I knew, I felt her lips on mine. My knees turned to rubber as she kissed me and nudged the door shut.

For a first-timer—with women, at least—kissing Jennifer not only felt natural, but electric. I ran my hands through her wild hair and reciprocated the caresses she was giving my breasts and ass.

"Kristen," Jennifer paused between kisses and began to lift my shirt off. "I've wanted to do this since the night I saw you."

Jennifer slipped off my tank top and shorts, leaving me in only my pale pink bra and panties—which she made quick work of, too. "Oh, wow, you're gorgeous."

I suddenly felt a little shy—or maybe I realized I was completely unclothed in the middle of the library. "Seeing as how you're gorgeous, too, I don't want to be the only naked one in here, lady." I tugged at her off-shoulder blouse.

She giggled at me. "Don't worry, I'm getting there." She unbuttoned her skirt, letting it fall to the ground. And then, in dramatic-Jennifer fashion, she slid off her top—no bra today, either—to reveal a set of gorgeous, full breasts.

"Wow," I gasped. "I'm jealous of those."

Jennifer giggled. "Well don't be. They're yours to play with now too."

Her mouth enveloped my left nipple and began to suck down hard. My breath caught in my throat—turns out, there's a direct electric power line between my nipples and my clit, and Jennifer was the one to discover it. And I was already soaking-wet from earlier.

Jennifer guided me over to the large desk in the front of the room. "Lay back."

"But I want to taste you—"

"You will," she said. "It doesn't seem fair leaving you hanging after I turned you on so much." We kissed again.

She had a point—and I wasn't going to argue. Back then, I'd had a couple of boyfriends who went down on me, but Jennifer's tongue on my pussy was another experience entirely.

"Play with your nipples for me while I eat you." Jennifer traced circles around my clit and teased my entrance with her fingers, building up the tension slowly as I whimpered and begged for more.

"Oh, god, please—I have to come now."

LETTERS

GIRL MEETS GIRL

And with that, Jennifer began sucking on my clit just like she did my nipples.

I tried to cover my mouth to keep from moaning too loudly, but it was moot. The suction on my clit and her three fingers pumping my cunt pushed me over the edge into my first "full body" orgasm.

When I "came to" afterward, I still felt a little delirious. Jennifer stood over me, smiling over the sight of my flushed, sweaty, naked body.

I reached up and cupped her breasts. "Get down here and let me eat your pussy."

She giggled and kissed me and I scooted over so she could get on the desk, too. I got on top of her and began kissing and licking my way down—from her pendulous tits to her slick, protruding pussy lips.

Even though I'd never eaten out another woman before, it felt instinctual after experiencing what Jennifer had done for me. And I loved the shape of her butterfly-wing labia as I parted them and took turns alternating between sucking her lips and clit. Her musky sweetness engulfed my nose and mouth to the point where I just wanted more, more, more…

Jennifer loudly moaned out encouragement. "Oh, yes! Use your fingers on me."

"AS SHE LAY THERE PANTING, I KISSED HER SO SHE COULD TASTE HERSELF ON ME."

I kept going, doggedly in pursuit of that female orgasm, until Jennifer rewarded me with a squirt of sweet girl juice all over my face.

As she lay there panting, I kissed her so she could taste herself on me and whispered. "You've got to teach me how to do that."

Jennifer broke into another smile. "Okay, it's a deal. Just promise to help me with my labs."

We both started laughing again. In a little while we got up, got caffeinated, and went back to work.

Somehow, even with our frequently repeated "study breaks"—and "all-nighters," too—I managed to pass organic chemistry. That summer was a "formative" one for me in many ways, and the hard work paid off. Jennifer and I both graduated a year early and went to medical school together in New York—where we've since continued our "studies" and more.

–D.D. via email

MOVIE NIGHT

My roommate Kara is mind-numbingly hot. She plays soccer, so she has a round ass and amazing legs. Her hair is long and silky, and she tends to walk around our apartment braless. It drives me crazy to see her tight nipples poking through her thin t-shirts. I want to bite them, then rip her clothes off and plunge my fingers into her pussy.

Kara has always known I'm a lesbian, but she always claimed to be straight. Obstacles aside, I've had a filthy fantasy since we started living together of giving Kara her first girl-on-girl action. It takes a woman to know how to pleasure a woman, and I know I could make Kara scream.

We have regular movie nights. Popcorn, cozy pajamas, the works. She always sits on the couch next to me wearing an oversized soccer jersey and shorts, so close I can smell her strawberry shampoo. The way she giggles when we watch comedies is adorable, and I love the way she covers her eyes and squeals when we watch horror movies. I'm infatuated with her and have been for the three years we've lived together.

Lately, though, Kara's been a little weird around me. I caught her looking at me when I came back from the pool in my bikini, and she's started blushing whenever I get too close. I've been testing these reactions, deliberately brushing against her in the kitchen or

accidentally letting my towel "slip" after a shower. Once she licked her lips when I stretched in front of her. (My tight white T-shirt was see-through, and I don't wear bras around the house, either.) Her reactions have been driving me insane. My roommate suddenly getting the hots for me would be the kind of miracle that would send me to my knees to praise the angels—after properly eating Kara out, of course.

At our most recent movie night, I was wearing my usual flannel PJ bottoms and tank top, but Kara came out of her room dressed differently than normal. Instead of a soccer jersey, she was wearing a crop top and tiny athletic shorts with white stripes down the sides that ended at the crease between her ass and thigh. As she went into the kitchen to microwave popcorn, I couldn't stop staring. My pussy throbbed as I imagined tugging one leg of those tiny shorts aside and sliding my tongue over her cunt.

She returned with the popcorn and caught me staring. "What?" she asked.

"Is that shirt new?" I asked. What else was I supposed to say? *Your ass in those shorts is the eighth wonder of the world. I want to worship you with my mouth*. Yeah, no.

She flipped her hair over her shoulder, looking self-conscious. "Yeah. It's been hot lately."

The apartment hadn't seemed particularly hot to me until now, but if Kara needed to strip nearly naked to be more comfortable, I would not protest.

She settled in next to me. "What are we watching?" she asked.

"I don't know. Some indie flick. I think it's a coming-of-age story." I was lying. I knew exactly what this movie was—one of the most explicit lesbian love stories ever filmed. It was the perfect opportunity to make Kara watch women fucking each other. This was one way to test my theory that Kara was harboring secret gay thoughts.

We settled in as the movie started playing. Two adorable teen girls falling in love. And then…

Kara shifted in her seat. "Wow," she said. "That's really explicit."

"Yeah," I agreed, trying not to sound too smug. "I had no idea."

As the sex scene intensified and showed no signs of stopping, I glanced at Kara out of the corner of my eye. Her nipples were hard beneath her tiny shirt, and she was breathing rapidly. Then the muscles in her stomach clenched. I bet her pussy squeezed just as hard.

I was so turned-on. I wanted to finger myself while Kara rode my face. "Are you doing all right?" I asked, sliding my arm along the back of the couch.

Kara turned to look at me. Her pupils were dilated, and her lips were damp from where she'd licked them. "Is that what…" she started to say, then trailed off.

"What?"

She cleared her throat. "Is that what you do in the bedroom?"

I grinned, slow and predatory. "Oh, I do far more than that in the bedroom."

Kara's cheeks turned pink.

I leaned in, brushing my lips against her ear. "Have you ever been with a woman?" I whispered.

Kara shook her head no. I drew back until our faces were only inches apart. Her gaze flickered to my lips, and she shifted again, probably rubbing her stiffened clit against the cushions. I pressed my advantage. "Do you want to know how it feels?" I asked.

Kara bit her lip, looking between me and the stimulating scene on TV. "Yes," she admitted.

Triumph rolled through me. This was really happening. I slid my hand into her hair. "Do you want me to show you?"

She nodded and closed her eyes. "Yes."

I wasn't about to waste another second. I kissed her, sucking her plump bottom lip until she opened for me. My tongue slid into her mouth, tangling

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with hers, and then it was like Kara snapped. She moaned and climbed into my lap, straddling me as she sucked my tongue enthusiastically. Her hips worked in a rhythmic pattern, and I shifted her until she was riding my thigh. She was so wet, and the shorts were so short, that her frantic undulations left wet streaks on my pajama bottoms. I'd known hooking up with Kara would be hot, but I'd never guessed she'd get this wild this fast. My head was practically spinning.

Kara pulled my shirt off over my head and moaned. "I've wanted this for so long," she said. She cupped my breasts, alternately kneading them and pinching my stiff nipples.

I laughed, then groaned as her hot mouth sealed over my nipple. "Oh, sweetie, you have no idea."

I needed to touch her. I stripped her shirt off and beheld those perfect tits. They were full, with rosy nipples that jutted out, begging for my mouth. I sucked her nipple and swirled my tongue over it, then bit the tip. Her hips jerked, and I switched to the other nipple. Kara fisted her hands in my hair and tugged, and the sweet sting of pain made my pussy clench.

The popcorn bowl went flying as I flipped her onto her back on the couch. I stripped her tiny shorts off and was rewarded with the sight of her pussy, which was bare except for a hot little landing strip. Naughty Kara hadn't worn panties to movie night.

"KARA FISTED HER HANDS IN MY HAIR AND TUGGED, AND THE SWEET STING OF PAIN MADE MY PUSSY CLENCH."

I stripped my own bottoms off, then my underwear, and then I settled on top of her, straddling one of her thighs. I rubbed myself up and down her leg, sending sparking pleasure from my clit through the rest of my body. As I ground against her, I slid my hand up her leg until I was touching her pussy. I rubbed her stiff clit in circles and Kara cried out, tossing her head on the couch cushion. Then I pressed a finger into her.

The first touch of Kara was heaven: wet, hot, silky. Her vaginal walls contracted around my finger. I added a second finger, and she bucked up into me. With my other hand, I started rubbing her clit again, and as I did, I crooked the fingers inside her forward, hoping to brush that miraculous spot some girls felt so keenly.

Kara cried out. "More," she begged me.

Fuck, this was hot. I kept massaging her G-spot and working her clit, and when I couldn't take it anymore, I replaced the fingers on her clit with my mouth. When I licked the stiffened nub, Kara's hands shot into my hair. She pulled me hard against her. She tasted delicious—that indefinable mix of salty, sweet, and tangy that makes eating pussy so sublime. I pumped my fingers inside her as I sucked her clit, and then I pulled them out so I could stick my tongue as deep inside her as I could manage.

She shoved me back and sat up, and I almost protested until I saw the gleam in her eyes. Her cheeks were rosy, her hair tangled. Then she said five words that almost made me orgasm: "I want to taste you."

She didn't have to tell me twice. "Turn around," I told her. "Let's 69."

I lay back on the couch as Kara climbed over me. She turned and backed up, and then that round, sexy ass was in my face.

I admired the view and then buried my head in her pussy. I gripped her cheeks in both hands, using her ass as leverage to grind her against my face.

Then her head dipped down and Kara got her first taste of pussy. Her tongue felt so fucking good against my wet skin. She paused, then did it again. Then she moaned and began eating me out with the enthusiasm and natural talent of a woman who was born to fuck other women. She licked and sucked me, bit my inner thighs, and even nipped my clit gently. I swore and writhed against her, but she gripped my thighs and held me down as she swirled her tongue on my sweet spot.

I was so turned-on that it was a struggle to maintain my own technique, but I'd be damned if I came first. I set in with a vengeance, sliding a finger into her while I licked her clit. Her moan vibrated my pussy and she slipped a finger in me. We ground against each other's faces, and then I felt the first tremors in her thighs and pussy. I kept up the rhythm, and Kara came on my face, screaming just like I'd always known she would.

Then Kara rubbed my clit with her slick fingers, and my orgasm rolled through me on a long, clenching wave. My cunt pulsed, and Kara eagerly kept licking and sucking as the orgasm of a lifetime reduced me to a puddle of pleasure.

When it was over, I slid my finger out of Kara's glistening pussy. She turned around and crawled toward me. As she squeezed in next to me on the couch, I stroked her arm, staring stunned at the ceiling. I thought I'd be giving Kara the education, but she'd just taught me a hell of a lesson in pleasure.

Her lips curved against me as she smiled. "I like this movie," she said. "Want to watch that scene again?"

Hell yes, I did.

–J.J. Minneapolis, MI

STUFFED GIRL

The rack was empty and I looked up to the cash register station to see only one person working. Her. Erin.

I only knew her name because they all wore name tags and her tag said: *Welcome to The Market! My name is: ERIN*.

My stomach dropped and my head felt light but inside my brand new jeans my pussy was wet. I shook my head and took a deep breath.

"You're poor, you have something to ship, and you can do this," I muttered under my breath. A passing shopper gave me the stink eye and I fought the urge to flip her off and smiled instead. Nerves make me volatile.

I giggled and then took another breath, forcing my feet to move toward the register. She looked up as I approached, a lovely smile on her lovelier face, and what had only been wetness became a damp pulse between my thighs.

"Hi there. Haven't seen you in a while."

I opened my mouth, then shut it, stymied by the fact she seemed to know me. My gaze traveled her geek pop culture tee that strained over her full breasts. I could see the thump of her pulse at the base of her throat, and when she licked her lips I nearly sighed. I was a mess.

"I–um– "

"You're the shipping stuff girl."

I blushed. I felt it. Heat flooded my cheeks as I nodded. "Yes, I come steal your shipping supplies."

She put her hand on my arm briefly and I had a vivid flash of going down on her. Of licking her. Seeing what she tasted like.

More heat in my cheeks as she said, "You don't steal them. They're free. We like when our customers re-use our materials."

I noticed her hand was still there.

"I'm glad," I said slowly. "But sadly, there's none today. I had an order and I was hoping there would be, but–"

"There will be some tonight," she said. "You can come back after the shipment in the back is unpacked. Around closing."

I nodded. "I can do that."

"Your order will be okay to wait?"

I smiled. "My order will be fine. I can pack it later tonight."

Erin squeezed my arm and my nipples spiked in my bra. This woman set off all my lusty bells and whistles.

"What time?"

"We close at nine. Make it nine-thirty."

"I'll be here."

She leaned forward I felt the heat of her breath on my face. "I'll be waiting."

I left with zero packing materials but feeling more than a little excited.

Nine thirty seemed to take forever, but when it finally came I couldn't get there fast enough. I stood at the automatic doors that didn't open automatically at this time of night. She came hurrying through the store, smiling, holding a clutch of keys.

She let me in and as I passed her, I could smell the fresh scent of her. A fall

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chill followed me inside and I shivered.

I made it about three feet before she snagged my arm and pulled me close. "Is it crazy of me to think you'd be okay if I kissed you?"

I didn't answer. I leaned in quickly and planted one right on her mouth. I'm not normally that brave, but fuck it, shit like this only happens once in a lifetime.

Her hand came to suddenly rest on my crotch and my insides lit up like the fourth of July. I anticipated being out of my pants soon, and I had a feeling that pretty Erin with the green eyes would be encountering a river of pussy juices.

"Is this okay?" she murmured against my mouth.

"Yes," I said, I arched into her hand, grabbed a handful of her brown hair, tilted her head back, and deepened the kiss.

She broke free, gasped for air, and said, "Hurry. The office."

I looked around, suddenly aware of how utterly horny I was and the fact that I was in the middle of a grocery store. "Who else is here?"

"No one. But the office doesn't have a giant wall of windows."

I looked outside at the streetlights and laughed. "Fair point."

She tugged me along, and I hurried after her, eager to get her out of her black leggings.

I shut the office door with my foot. No one else was there, but best to be safe. I dropped to my knees, operating strictly on arousal and bravery at that point. I tugged and she wiggled and I managed to slide down her leggings to reveal cream colored panties with lace insets. I made a desperate noise and pressed my open mouth to her pussy. I exhaled against the fabric knowing the heat would flood her sex.

She grabbed handfuls of my short hair and tugged. A moan slipped out of her and I smiled. So, the heat thing had worked.

I yanked them down and she stood there, looking down at me, face flushed, panties and leggings around her knees. Her mound was neatly trimmed. Short brown hair. Flushed and plump pussy lips peeking out.

I spread her wide, studied her, and then blew on her softly.

She arched her hips and groaned again. "Jesus. Put your mouth on me."

I did as he asked after a brief moment of torturous delay. I wanted her to be beyond horny.

It worked, because the moment I touched my tongue to her clit she bucked. She yanked my hair hard enough to bring tears to my eyes and pushed her pussy to my mouth. I traced her outer lips, licked her folds, all the while avoiding her clit so that she'd lose her mind.

"Please–" she growled.

I chuckled and gave in. I sucked her clit, moving my tongue even as I drew on it. She bucked and I pushed a single finger inside her slowly. Her cunt closed up around me, gripping my finger tightly. A lovely damp suede hold on me.

I curled it and she whimpered

Something told me she'd been thinking about me as much as I had been thinking about her. Fantasizing.

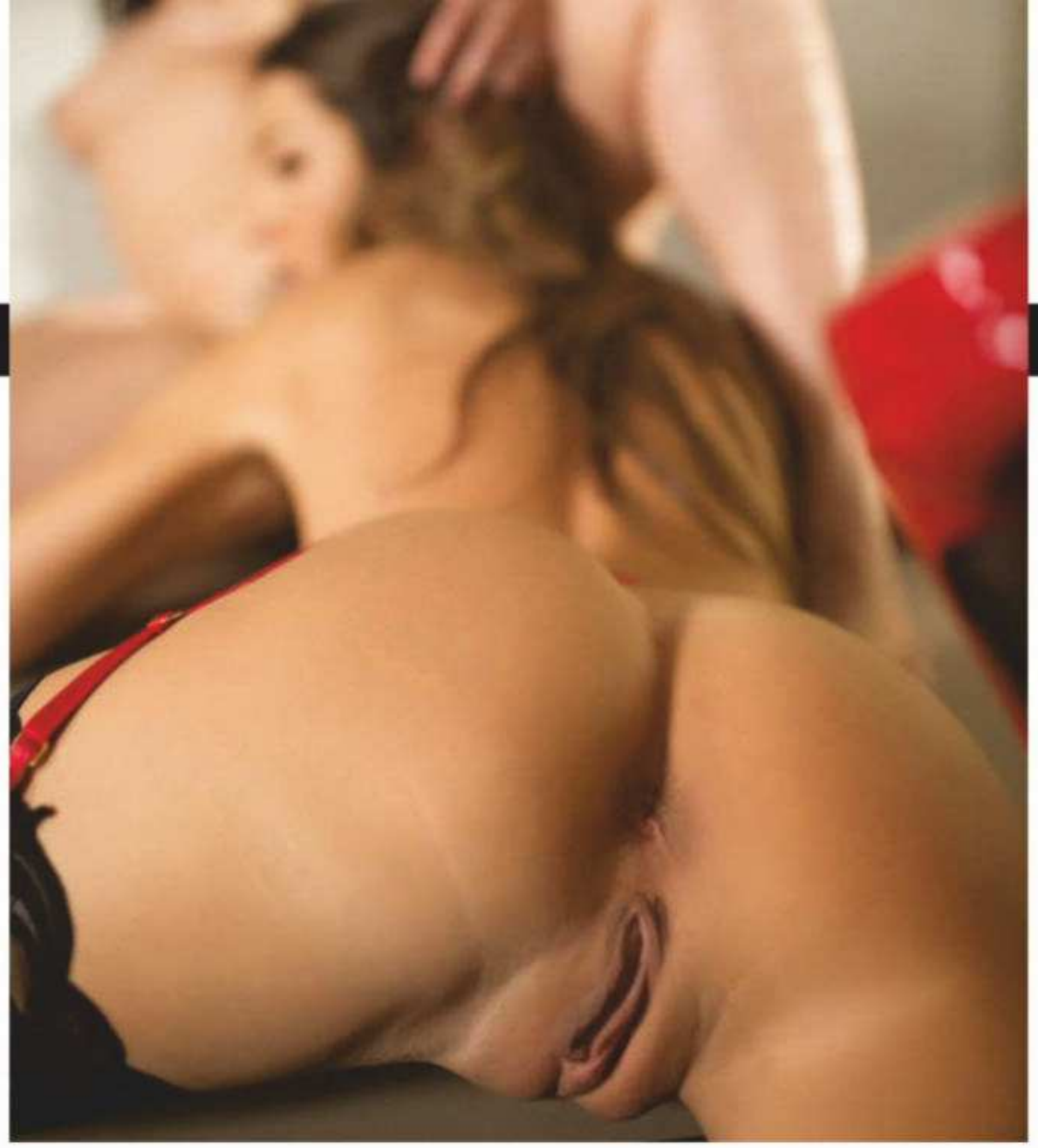
She surprised me by pushing me back. I went down on my ass in a pile of bubble wrap and brown paper.

She kicked off her leggings and panties and attacked my button and zipper. I finally batted her hands free and did them myself. I thrust my hips up and she tugged my jeans down.

"Team work," she said under her breath and we both laughed.

Then the laughter died because she was maneuvering herself to straddle my face. Her sweet warm pussy came closer and I shoved a hand beneath my head to raise up a bit. I latched onto her, sucking, licking, only faltering when I felt her mouth close over me and her hot breath engulf me. Then her tongue was moving and I had to try and focus on moving my tongue even as pleasure flooded me.

Her fingers pried me wide and I felt her drag her tongue along every inch of me, explore ever crevice. She tickled at



the very tip of my clit with a rigid tongue, before softening and delivering wide flat sweeps of goodness. A finger slid into me, homed right in on my G-spot, curled and pressed it. I bucked my hips, and in return sucked her clit, drawing on it with a steady rhythm. In moments, my fingers were drenched in her slick juices.

"Give it to me," I heard her growl. Then a second finger joined the first. She fucked me slow and steady, curling, twirling, thrusting. I felt myself growing wetter as she worked me. My cunt flickering around her driving digits. Pleasure grew larger as the friction increased. I was going to come. And soon.

I drew small whorls and patterns on her pussy with my tongue. Pushed my fingers deep inside her until she made the noises I liked.

She added a third finger to my pussy and flared them. I felt myself open, wet and ready. She sucked my clit faster and I came. A rush of wetness escaped me and she sighed. I gave myself a brief moment to recover and then moved her. Rolled her fast and hard so she landed on the mountain of packing goods she's apparently hoarded for me.

She went down with an oomph and I moved down her body, knocking her thighs wide, pinning them with my forearms. I went at her like I was starved and she was dessert. Sweet, satisfying, and exactly what I craved.

She couldn't touch me and it drove her crazy. She cussed and writhed but her slim hips shot up over and over again to meet my mouth as I worked her. I nudged my tongue into her wet slit, fucking her. I did it over and over until she begged me to go back to her clit.

I laughed and she groaned. I finally went back and sucked it. It stood at attention, erect and flushed, and I wrapped my lips around it and nuzzled her.

She struggled and I pushed two fingers into her soaked opening. I worked her fast, feeling for all the swollen, needy places. She was panting and she arched up so fast I almost slid off her but managed to hold on. I moved my fingers in a come hither motion and she came. Wetness ran down my hand and coated my lips.

"I BUCKED MY HIPS, AND IN RETURN SUCKED HER CLIT, DRAWING ON IT WITH A STEADY RHYTHM."

But I wasn't done. "Hands and knees," I said, catching her off guard. She looked at me, perplexed.

"Get on your hands and knees."

She did without question. I pushed my hips against her ass as if I was fucking her. Then I pushed my fingers back inside her. Getting her from a whole other angle. She let her head hang and gave a pleasurable sigh.

"Get yourself off," I said. "While I do this. Play with your pussy."

She nodded, said something I couldn't quite catch, and slipped a hand beneath her body. I could feel her motions as her body swayed and I thrust my bundle of fingers in and out of her.

She grew tighter around me, her body bowed before me. I spread my hand a bit further, slipping my thumb into her back hole. Pretty, pretty Erin came with a cry, a few soft pops of ruptured bubble wrap sounding beneath her knees.

I couldn't help but laugh.

She dropped down and stared at me, smiling.

"You hid all this away for me?"

"What can I say, I was getting desperate. I knew once I got you to talk to me it would all work out."

"You're even smarter than I thought," I said.

–R.R., Stanford, CN

What's your most treasured fantasy? What kind of dirty dreams keep you up at night–or distracted during the day? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

LETTERS

SWINGING & SWAPPING

CONFERENCE COUPLING

A few years ago, my wife Victoria and I were still new to the California tech scene. At the time, we were desperately trying to get our startup off the ground, so networking and funding—and all things "company time"—had consumed our marriage. It was mostly my fault for being so oblivious and obsessive, and when Victoria put a reminder on my calendar that read "fuck me tonight," I realized not only how long it had been, but that if things didn't change, I stood to lose more than our cherished startup.

After we fucked our brains out, she kissed me and asked if I wanted more.

"What do you mean? What else besides you could I ask for?"

Victoria smiled. "Well, I'm not saying to replace me, but Stan, maybe we need to rev things up so you don't forget about sex for months."

"I will schedule this in my phone every day if you want to."

She laughed. "Well, that's a start. But you know, I was thinking the other day about the article we read about that one couple…" Her voice trailed off as she gripped my cock again. "How they had 'play dates' with others—but they did it together."

I groaned and closed my eyes, mesmerized by the sensation of her mouth enveloping my dick. "I'm listening."

The alleged sexual escapades of the rich (yet socially awkward) geek crowd are a continual matter of speculation. Well, I can tell you for certain that the rumors are true: The dorks who didn't lose their virginity until age 25 mostly busy themselves with crazy weekend bacchanals and "cuddle puddles" filled to the brim with hot babes. Whether it really is "making up for lost time" or "making asses of themselves," I'll let you decide.

For my wife, though, this strange party culture was polarizing at first—especially when one venture capitalist assumed she was my "escort" and not my business partner and spouse. It's still a "bro-topia" all the way, no matter what they claim now, but for open-minded couples that want to play on their own terms, the options are growing—as we found out!

My wife is absolutely gorgeous, so I can hardly blame Mr. Venture Capitalist—or any guy ever—for hitting on her. Victoria is 5'2" with a heart-shaped face, pretty violet eyes, long dark hair, and natural C-cup breasts. I tell her she's a modern-day Elizabeth Taylor. I'm a lucky man—but back then, it was clear we needed to shake things up and I needed to be reminded not to take her for granted.

One weekend we were attending a conference about crowdfunding, and Victoria got an anonymous invite to a private party on a very exclusive hotel's roof. The paperless invite merely said: "Couples only" and gave the address and time.

"What do you think, honey?" She showed me her phone screen. "Should we go?"

"I mean, if it's couples, maybe the crowd will be less 'bro' and more appetizing?"

Victoria laughed. "Well, it can't hurt to check out the pool and see if there's anyone worth talking to."

After the last conference speaker finished, we had dinner then went back to our hotel to change for the party. I went business casual, but Victoria had on a slinky short black dress.

"Can you fit a bathing suit under that?" I teased her.

"I think I can improvise." She winked at me and grabbed her purse. "Let's go."

When we arrived at the party, I looked around and felt instant relief that this was not another drug-fueled tech-bro bash. Actual couples seemed to populate the crowd—some were "May-December" romances or maybe escorts, but mostly the group consisted of people like Victoria and me.

Besides some familiar faces from tech, we met some academics and others in the arts and entertainment scene. It was a breath of fresh air socially—and a whole other frontier sexually.

At one point when I went to get us more drinks, I returned to find my wife talking to a gorgeous redhead who was there with her much older, salt-and-

"THE VIEW OF OUR SEXY NAKED WIVES GOING WILD WITH EACH OTHER WAS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO TAKE."

pepper-haired husband. We'll call him John—and her Iris.

From a few feet away, the sight of Iris caressing my wife's arm and blatantly flirting—and my wife flirting back—was not lost on me. I handed Victoria her drink and introduced myself. Turns out, John was a good guy to meet; later on, he would help me secure vital company funding. But that night there was a moratorium on business chatter: He and I simply played the roles of indulgent husbands who were all too happy to let our wives put together one hot playtime.

"So, is this your first party?" Iris asked us both.

Victoria nodded. "We're fairly new in general to everything."

Iris smiled warmly and put her arms around us both. "Well, John and I are happy to make you feel welcome. Isn't that right, dear?"

John raised his glass to her. "It's always a pleasure meeting new friends—especially smart couples."

Victoria nodded. "I was a bit out of my depth before—"

"Yes, I think I know what you might be alluding to." Iris rolled her eyes and giggled.

John shook his head. "Not to worry—this particular party scene is much, much different."

"Well, we are looking to expand our horizons, and yeah—we've been all work and no play—which is my fault." I looked at Victoria and we both laughed.

Iris beamed at her husband and then looked at us. "John and I have a suite here with a great hot tub. Maybe you'd like to join us?"

"Sounds great to me. Stan?" Victoria stroked my arm. "Feeling up to it?"

"I'm up for anything." I kissed Victoria on the forehead.

"Good!" John gave his wife a little squeeze around the waist and then released her so she could take Victoria's hand.

Victoria smiled and let Iris give her a little kiss right there. Knowing full well we were both wrapped around their little fingers, we let the ladies lead the way, giggling and whispering to each other.

I knew my wife had "experimented" in the past, but it was another thing entirely to see it happening. As we rode up in the elevator, I felt like I was dreaming, watching Victoria's tongue tangoing with another woman's tongue and her hands caressing her breasts. It was almost impossible to control myself watching her and Iris make out—and I had to wonder how John kept it together with such a sexy younger wife. The walk to Iris and John's suite was the longest walk down a hallway I'd ever taken.

Once we arrived, John surprised me by offering me a drink. Thirst was the last thing I was feeling. Reading my confused expression, Iris countered: "Stan, you don't mind watching with my husband while Victoria and I get warmed up together, do you?"

"Oh—no, no, not at all!" I grinned.

Victoria kissed me and brushed against my bulge. "You better be saving that up for me."

I took the glass of Scotch that John was offering and gave Victoria a thumbs-up—I was at a loss for words due to being so turned-on.

Victoria was so sexy with the way she took charge and unzipped Iris's dress. Iris had a nice set of enhanced boobs that John had gotten her for a wedding present, and Victoria gave them a good feel and took those nipples into her mouth.

Iris moaned softly. "Stan, you have one hot wife."

Victoria looked over and smiled at me and then kissed her way down Iris's navel to her shaved pussy.

The view of our sexy naked wives going wild with each other was almost too much to take. I can't remember how

much time passed, but John was the one to speak up first. "Can we play too, now?"

"Yeah!" I chimed in. "What about *our* fun?"

Victoria and Iris had moved into a sixty-nine at that point, so they both continued to stroke each other's pussies as they regarded us.

"Oh, I think we got plenty of fun to go around," Victoria giggled.

"Sorry we forgot about you." Iris playfully slapped Victoria's ass. "Lots of distractions here."

John and I didn't waste any time joining our wives—both of whom were very good sports about relieving us after such a long tease.

The ladies took turns sucking us both off—and not surprisingly it was a rush to watch Victoria take another man's cock in her mouth and see another woman tonguing down my shaft, too.

I can see where this might make some men jealous, but that night I got to see my wife as a sexual and sensual being purely looking to give and receive pleasure. And maybe we are just "animals" at heart, but watching Victoria's wild, blatant lust made me fall more in love with the woman I married.

After our dual suck-off session, the girls got on all fours and had us enter them from behind so John and I could take turns sampling both of their incredible pussies. In hindsight, it might've been even more fun to blindfold the ladies and see if they could guess whose dick was fucking them, but our orgiastic fun and wife-swapping unfolded naturally. We let the chemistry take over, and it was the most incredible "first time" swinger/swapping session that either Victoria or I could have wanted.

As the night rolled on and I found myself closer and closer to exploding, John and I reclaimed our respective wives.

John was fucking Iris's ass while Victoria rode me reverse cowgirl. We arranged ourselves, so our wives could kiss each other, and Victoria could tease Iris's clit and pussy.

Iris was so overwhelmed, she was squealing out a veritable aria when she came—and John blew his load deep inside her tight rosebud asshole.

Victoria rode me wildly then, nailing her G-spot with the tip of my cock until she climaxed. And since my wonderful wife knows how much I get off finishing in her mouth, she dismounted me and let me do just that, savoring every last drop of my hot load.

Now, I won't say this kind of fun is ultimately for everyone, but for Victoria and I, playing together with other couples like John and Iris has helped us share fantasies that we never would have shared otherwise.

Oh, and bonus: Our company has grown above and beyond expectations—who'd have thought good networking and mind-blowing sex could work hand-in-hand?

–L.L., Portland, OR

WEEKEND AWAY

We met Brad and Jenny at a conference. I'm a professor and so is Brad. We quickly found, over drinks, that we had a lot in common. Not just teaching tired college students the joys of Poe and Plath, but the love of good wine, relaxed evenings chatting, and swapping partners.

Brad is a strapping tall man with a goatee and an infectious laugh. Jenny is petite and red headed with pale milk skin and freckles. She has big tits, I have small ones. My husband Jeff is tall and slender with pale yellow hair and big blue eyes. I'm a black-haired girl with green eyes. Together, the four of us make quite a picture. When we're fucking, it gets even better.

The first time was our first trip as a foursome. We'd all decided a nice jaunt to the mountains for some skiing

sounded good. To be thrifty, we got a suite. Two rooms and a communal room.

I'd walked into the main room nude, to get another glass of wine, just as Brad sauntered out to find his laptop.

He'd been bare naked as well and the chemistry was instant. We didn't do anything until we talked to the others the next morning over coffee. When everyone was on board we agreed, post dinner plans would be getting naked and fucking. The communal room was about to get a show.

It became a regular thing. The most recent trip was to visit a national hiking trail. We rented a cabin. We barely made it inside this time before we were stripping. Jeff grabbed Jenny by her pretty red hair and tugged her in for a kiss. She shoved her delicate hand down inside his jeans and I heard him grunt as she wrapped it around his cock.

I heard Brad chuckle as he came toward me. He grabbed me from behind and hiked my dress up then pushed his hand into my tights. He found me wet and eager.

"So, is this it, then?" he asked. "We just get right to it now?"

I laughed and so did the others. "I guess so."

I grabbed Jenny's hand real quick and leaned in. "Go with it," I whispered. "Let's switch things up."

There was a magical twinkle in her eyes. "Gotcha."

I began to remove her clothes, so she mimicked me by removing mine.

"We're going to warm up for y'all," I said. "Just us girls."

When we were nude, I laid her down on the sofa and kissed my way down her body. She gave a little gasp and her legs fell open. I licked a line from her clit to her slit and then back up again. I focused my tongue on the hard button of her clitoris.

When her soft hands began stroking down my back, sliding along my ass, seeking contact. I moved myself so that

"SHE GRABBED HIS HIPS AND HIS COCK SLID INTO HER OPEN MOUTH EAGERLY."

I was over her. She craned her neck and sucked my clit. It was like warm electricity running through my body. She tongued my hole and then returned to licking and sucking.

I heard the men breathing, taking in this pre-fuck girl on girl sixty-nine.

I couldn't help but smile.

I came first. It wasn't hard at all considering Jenny and I had seen each other naked many times but had never touched one another. She was good at oral and she smelled like sunshine and tangerine.

She followed just behind me. When she sat up, she grabbed my hand and said, "My turn."

She sat on the edge of the sofa, indicating that I should do the same. I sat right next to her and when she beckoned her husband over I simply watched, ready to take her lead. He stepped up and she grabbed his ass, pulling him toward her. Brad took a stumble step toward her and his cock slipped between her painted pink lips as pretty as you please.

She deep throated him and I watched fascinated. No wonder Jeff was always so smiley after our fun with our favorite couple.

She gave him a few more sucks and then pulled his cock out of her mouth. She beckoned for Jeff who practically pole vaulted to her. I had to hide a smile with my hand. She grabbed his hips and his cock slid into her open mouth eagerly. His eyes drifted shut and my pussy flexed wetly at the sight of her sucking him off.

She went all the way to his root and then left her mouth there, pressed in a kiss to the hair there. Finally, she moved her mouth up and down his shaft several times until I thought he'd lose it.

Then she pushed him away. "Brad, now you." She pointed to me and Brad grinned, stepping up to the front of the line. I grabbed his cock at the base and sucked his tip into my mouth, rolling my tongue over it like I was licking a popsicle. I drew on him softly before sliding my mouth down his shaft as far as I could. Brad grabbed the back of my head and fucked my mouth, slow and steady at first. I cupped his balls and gave them a gentle squeeze. When I felt his cock jerk, I pulled free and chuckled.

"Next," I said, winking at my husband.

He came up, cock in hand, and fed it into my mouth. Which I found entirely sexy given the scenario. Soon, I'd see him driving that long dick into my friend Jenny. I'd get to see her face as he got her off and she'd get to see mine as her

husband banged me from behind so hard I'd see stars.

I sucked eagerly, holding his hips in my hands, using my tongue on him the way he liked. He made that eager pleased sound, and I pushed him back.

I stood and held my hand out to Brad. "Sofa or chair?"

"Chair," he said, sitting down. He patted his lap, his hard cock standing up straight as a rod. "Sit on my lap, Pretty."

I sat down slowly, sliding myself down his hard cock. I eyed my husband who had pushed Jenny back on the sofa and had spread her slender legs. He tested her with a finger just as Brad's cock slid home, filled me fully, and caused a cascade of wetness from my pussy.

He wrapped his arms around me and thrust up from beneath me. My legs pressed his legs, my feet firmly on the ground as he moved into me from beneath.

My husband sank into her slowly. He pushed Jenny's arms above her head and held them there. I thought of when he did that to me and felt my cunt flex tightly around Brad. Brad felt it too, because he gripped my hips with his big hands and slammed into me. The head of his cock hit a sensitive place and I felt a quiver of pleasure work through me. I moved against him, working that spot—that perfect spot—again. The feel of him inside me as I watched my husband fuck Jenny was flawless.

Brad reached around and found my clit. He stroked me. His finger sliding over my taut button knot as I worked my hips. His thrusts from beneath became harder and faster. My pussy grew tighter, the friction exquisite.

"Put her legs up," I said to Jeff.

"JEFF PUSHED HIS FINGERS INSIDE HER, SPREADING HER SOME, MAKING THAT TINY PUSSY GAPE."

Jeff turned to me and smiled. He knew what I liked. He knew what turned me on. He pushed her thighs wide and hide, opening her further. I could see the pink blush of her pussy and even that she was wet. He withdrew completely and then nudged her opening with the tip of his cock. He took his time, eyes on me, as he made a show of plunging into her.

I sighed as he entered her, gasped when Brad took that moment to pinch my clit.

"I'm going to come if you keep doing that," I growled. "And I don't want to come yet."

He grabbed my hand and placed it on my mound. He held me tight and fucked me hard from underneath. "Then you do it. You control the speed. You control your orgasm."

Jeff pulled free of Jenny and dropped to his knees between her thighs. He held them wide and lowered his head to lick her red, swollen pussy.

"Fuck me from behind," I said to Brad. Then I climbed off his lap and bent over the chair. My forearms on the arm, legs spread in a wide stance, body trembling.

Jeff pushed his fingers inside her, spreading her some, making that tiny pussy gape. She gave a short cry and then he sucked her clit and she came. Then, and only then, did he move back up between her tights, give me a knowing glance, and drive his cock back inside her.

I grunted as I took Brad's cock. We were both watching our spouses fuck the living hell out of each other and loving it. He grabbed ahold of my long hair and wrapped it around his fist. Holding it tight as he increased his intensity and speed.

I squeezed my internal muscles around him, let them go, squeezed them again. When he hissed like he'd been burned, I pushed myself back hard and fast to get him deeper. I pinched my clit, alternating speeds. I squeezed it so a jolt of pain hit me, then I gave it some

soft gentle swirls. I did that repeatedly and stopped only when I felt like I'd come at any minute.

"I'm going to lose it soon," he whispered.

When I laughed, he smacked my ass. Good and hard. My pussy clenched and it was his turn to laugh. "I can push you, too, you know."

"Oh, I know you can."

He smacked my ass again and that made Jeff look up. He watched as Brad held my hair and banged me. He smiled when Brad delivered a flurry of fast smacks to my right ass cheek.

I watched Jeff rock his hips from side to side. Watched him pinch her nipples. And watched as Jenny's face changed from pleasure to impending orgasm. And then she came again that lucky girl.

Brad smacked me again and I came a second later. He knew me though, so he grabbed he hard and held on, driving into me deep, barely pulling free at all, just thrusting over and over again at the most wonderful place. I watched Jeff pull free of Jenny at the last second and shoot all over her belly and mound. I watched her trail her fingers through it.

I came again, giving up a rush of wetness as Brad's reward. He liked when I came that hard and that was the final straw. He painted the backs of my thighs with his spunk.

I smiled. It was shaping up to be another spectacular couples weekend.

–P.T., via email

THE MIRROR GAME

My wife Kaitlyn and I are avid board gamers. We love hosting board game nights. We're friends with another couple who enjoys games as much as we do–Seth and Laura–and they come over frequently for games, cocktails, and pizza.

Here's the thing. Laura is fucking sexy. Blonde, fit, gorgeous, with the hottest pair of librarian glasses you've ever seen. She wears little skirts that drive me nuts. Don't get me wrong–I love my wife more than anything, and she's just as sexy in a completely different way. Kaitlyn is curvy with long, dark hair, and she's an absolute freak in the bedroom. Totally submissive and up for anything.

But Laura–there's something about her. Maybe it's the way she looks at me over those glasses when I make a wisecrack or the way she nibbles her plump bottom lip. She's starred in plenty of my fantasies over the years, but I'm a loyal husband, and I've always vowed to keep my lust for Laura under wraps.

Laura and Seth came over recently for our monthly game night. Seth brought a bottle of whiskey, and we all got tanked. Laura turned bright red, Seth kept knocking over his drink, and Kaitlyn couldn't stop laughing. And then I noticed something. Seth was eye-fucking my wife, and she was eye-fucking him right back.

Normally I would have felt jealous, but I was drunk and had been staring at Laura all night, so I couldn't complain. I knew the exact moment Laura realized her husband was ogling my wife. Her lips parted, and her breathing sped up. She was watching Seth and Kaitlyn, and she liked what she saw.

So did I. I can't explain it, but seeing another man lusting after Kaitlyn revved my engine. I had a sudden image of Seth standing behind Kaitlyn and fondling her breasts while she locked eyes with me. I added Laura to the mental image. She could suck my dick while Kaitlyn watched.

My dick twitched. I was totally hard, and I shifted to try to ease the discomfort in my jeans. As I moved, Laura met my eyes. She caught her lip between her teeth before releasing it. Then, to my shock, she slid her hand down her torso. It disappeared beneath the table.

I fumbled my cards, only half on-purpose, and dropped to my knees beside my chair to gather them. Under the dining table, I could see Laura's hand busy at work between her thighs. Her black skirt was pulled up, and I could see her fingers moving beneath her purple silk panties.

When I took my seat again, Laura smiled at me. She knew exactly what I'd seen. And then I realized Seth knew what was going on. He was looking between Laura and me, but he didn't seem upset. Quite the opposite. As Laura masturbated for me, Seth reached

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over and covered Kaitlyn's hand with his.

My cock felt like it was about to punch out of my jeans. I stood up abruptly, my head spinning from lust and whiskey, and every eye in the room shot to my erection. Laura bit her lip and leaned forward, and Kaitlyn gasped.

"I have a new game," I announced.

"What is it?" Kaitlyn asked. Her voice was throatier than normal.

"The mirror game," I said. It was something I vaguely remembered from an improv class. "We pair off and one pair poses however they like. The other pair has to exactly replicate that pose as it happens. If they can't manage it, the first couple wins."

"I'm game." Kaitlyn stood up so fast her chair almost fell over. "Are we a pair?"

I grinned at my wife. "No. You and Seth are a pair."

Kaitlyn sucked in a breath. Her eyes shot to Seth, then back to me. "Are you sure?" she asked quietly. I knew she wasn't just asking about the game.

"I'm sure if everyone else is sure," I said.

"I'm sure," Laura said. She slipped her hand out of her panties and stood, smoothing her skirt down. "You in, Seth?"

"Hell yeah," Seth said. He joined Kaitlyn, and as his hand settled on my wife's hip, she shivered.

Laura joined me. "Who gets to decide our pose?" she asked.

"I do." I pulled her in front of me with her back to my chest, and she gasped when my erection pressed against her ass. Across from us, Seth and Kaitlyn took the same pose. It was so hot to see—my wife's wide eyes and flushed cheeks, and my friend gripping her hips possessively. Kaitlyn's head fell back against Seth's chest and she moaned. A stab of jealousy went through me, but it made the whole thing hotter. To punish Seth for touching my wife like that, I moved my hand from Laura's hip to her breast and squeezed.

"Oh, God," Laura said as I massaged her breast. She wasn't wearing a bra. I pinched her nipple and she squirmed.

"JEALOUSY MIXED WITH A COMPETITIVE DRIVE. I WAS GOING TO FINGER SETH'S WIFE BEFORE HE COULD FINGER MINE."

Seth clenched his jaw, but I saw the involuntary thrust of his hips. I knew exactly what he was feeling, what we were all feeling—a hot, jealous sort of lust, the thrill of doing something taboo. His hand rose to Kaitlyn's breast, matching my movement. I knew Kaitlyn was wearing a bra, and I was desperate to see my wife squirming while Seth pinched her nipples, so I stripped off Laura's shirt, leaving her bare. Her nipples were small and pink, and when I squeezed them, she moaned and ground her ass against me.

Seth stripped Kaitlyn and tossed her bra aside. I was intimately familiar with Kaitlyn's body, but her curves seemed new when framed by Seth's hands. Her breasts were heavy and full with large nipples. I was suddenly desperate to see her fully unclothed and on display.

I yanked Laura's skirt down. It fell around her ankles, revealing the purple satin panties I'd seen under the table. I hooked my fingers under those, too, brushing my knuckles against her golden hair as I dragged them down.

Seth matched my movements perfectly, and then Kaitlyn and Laura both stood nude. Kaitlyn's hips flexed as Seth ran a hand down her belly to tangle in her pubic hair.

Jealousy mixed with a competitive drive. I was going to finger Seth's wife before he could finger mine. I held Laura in place with an arm around her waist, then slid my other hand between her legs. She gasped as my fingers circled her clit, and then I plunged one finger inside her. She was hot and wet, and her vagina clenched around me.

Seth copied the motion. Kaitlyn moaned as his finger disappeared inside her.

"She needs two fingers," I told Seth, hardly believing the words coming out of my mouth.

He grunted as he slid a second finger inside Kaitlyn. "Laura needs her clit rubbed roughly."

"She'll have to earn it," I said. I fisted a hand in Laura's hair and spun her around. She looked up at me with wide eyes, her hand settling on my chest. I forced her to her knees. She attacked my belt buckle eagerly, then pulled my pants and boxers down. Her mouth found my cock the second it was out, and she sucked me deep.

A few feet away, Seth had my wife on her knees. Kaitlyn was gripping his cock and licking the tip of it, but I could tell from the way her hips moved that she wanted more. "Force it down her throat," I told Seth.

We were far past the Mirror Game at this point. I watched hungrily as Seth jammed his cock deep into Kaitlyn's mouth. She gagged on it, but I knew she loved every second of it. I tightened my fist in Laura's hair and forced her to take more of my dick. She moaned, and when I hit the back of her throat, tears sprang to her eyes. Then she dropped her hand to her clit and started rubbing.

It was too much. I had Laura flat on her back in a second. I dropped between her legs and licked her sopping-wet pussy. She tasted tart and sweet, and she shrieked when I sucked her swollen clit.

Seth's face was buried between Kaitlyn's legs, too. I knew from her how much she was enjoying his tongue. Again, jealousy mixed with desire into some heady new concoction. "I'm going to fuck your wife with my tongue," I told Seth.

"I'm going to fuck your wife with my cock," he replied.

Rage and lust washed over me, and I punished Seth by spearing my tongue inside Laura while rubbing her clit hard. She mewled and dug her heels into my back, grinding against me. "Tell me you want me," I commanded her.

"I want you," she said. Her head thrashed as I rewarded her with firm circles of my fingers.

Seth drew back, his mouth glistening with Kaitlyn's wetness. He dragged his wallet out of his jeans, grabbed a condom, and tossed me another. I tore the packet open with my teeth before rolling the condom down my shaft. Laura stared up at me, wide-eyed and panting. When I notched my cock against her slit, she moaned.

I plunged deep and fast. Laura's pussy clenched around me as she urged me on with her undulating hips. I fucked her hard, enjoying her every stuttered cry. The sounds were echoed a few feet away, where Seth was balls-deep in my wife. I met Kaitlyn's eyes as I fucked Laura into the ground. Kaitlyn gasped and bucked against Seth, then pinched her own nipples.

"She's going to come soon," I told Seth. "Make sure you give it to her hard. Don't let up."

"Laura wants her hair pulled," he replied.

I fisted Laura's hair and held her in place while I pumped in and out of her wet cunt. I slid my other hand between us and pressed her clit, and when she came, she screamed my name.

Kaitlyn came seconds later. Her throaty cry should have been for me, not Seth—but it was for me, in a way. She'd orgasmed because I'd wanted her to fuck another man.

The thought was too much. I thrusted deep and came inside Laura. Her dazed eyes met mine as my hips twitched with release. Seth followed with a series of grunts, and then we all stared at each other, flushed and breathing hard.

"Any other games you'd suggest?" Seth quipped after a long silence, and we all collapsed into laughter.

Swapping wives that night was mind-numbingly hot, and ever since then, we've increased the frequency of game nights. The games we play are dirtier now, and the first rule we established is that the women aren't allowed to wear underwear. In these new games, everyone wins.

–J.T., via email

How lucky do you get when you swing and swap? We want to hear all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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THE BRIDESMAID

I keep running into my old classmate Julie at weddings. It wouldn't be that weird if we hung with the same circles, but we lead very different lives. Julie's always been a wholesome good girl—volunteering abroad, running 5Ks for charity—and I'm tattooed, pierced, and mainly interested in misbehaving. In the ten years since high school, I've only seen her at weddings. She's usually a friend of the bride, and I'm normally a friend of the groom, although sometimes we mix it up. We've attended eight weddings in the last decade. It's gotten so ridiculous that when we see each other across the aisle, we roll our eyes.

My friend Matt recently got married to his gorgeous wife, Kayla. I met Matt at college, where we tore shit up and got smashed most nights, although he's settled down since then. He met Kayla on a blind date, and they're blissfully happy together.

I was the best man at the wedding. At the rehearsal, I was not shocked to see Julie approaching with the bride. Julie's long hair was pulled up in a high ponytail, and she was dressed in a killer sundress that showed off her tanned legs. We shook hands and managed to maintain straight faces as Kayla introduced us to each other as the maid of honor and best man.

The wedding was held the next day at a lakeside hotel. The ceremony went off without a hitch, and Julie and I sat next to each other at the reception that night. While everyone else danced and made tearful speeches, Julie and I spent the night chatting about life and our memories of high school. I was surprised at how funny she was. I remembered her as a super-hot but tragically earnest do-gooder, but she had a wicked wit.

Four drinks in, I asked Julie what I'd wondered for ages. "Why do we always run into each other at this shit?"

She laughed. "Apparently we're both far more popular as adults than we were in high school."

Julie had never hung with the popular kids, but she'd been class president, for fuck's sake. "Are you kidding me?" I asked. "You were in every club."

She giggled. "I hate to tell you this, but being in Student Senate, choir, and poetry club didn't exactly make me cool."

"Yeah, but you were way cooler than me. I just smoked and cut class. I'm amazed you even remember me."

She blushed and I leaned in, wanting to know why her cheeks had turned that shade of red. "I remember you," she said.

"Yeah?" I eyed her up and down, my eyes fixating on her phenomenal rack. I'd been extremely aware of her hotness in high school, but she'd been so far removed from the kind of girls I hooked up with that I'd known I had no hope. "What do you remember?"

"You were intimidating. The punk vibe, the tattoos, smoking weed behind the gym. I don't know. I thought you were a badass."

I laughed at the thought that anyone had considered gangly, awkward 16-year-old me a badass. "Well, I thought you were damn near untouchable. Way too sweet to have anything to do with a guy like me."

I jumped when her hand landed on my thigh, and my cock immediately started hardening. She licked her lips. "I'm not that sweet," she whispered. "And I'm not untouchable, either." She winked and stood up before making her way toward the glass doors leading outside. I watched her walk away, riveted by the swish of her hips. She looked over her shoulder and crooked a finger as if inviting me to follow her.

I didn't need to be told twice. I chugged the rest of my drink, pushed back from the table, and followed her. It was cool outside, where a long hill sloped down toward the lake. Julie was standing on the dock, looking like an angel in the moonlight.

I joined her and rested my hands on her hips. "Why'd you bring me here?" I asked, hardly daring to believe that I had my hands on her for the first time in over a decade.

She laced her arms around my neck

and moved closer, pressing her breasts against my chest. “I see you at all these weddings, and it drives me nuts. I had the biggest crush on you in high school, but you never seemed to notice me.”

“Oh, I noticed you.” I’d been obsessed with her preppy little skirts and that good-girl vibe that made me want to be very, very bad.

“I Googled you after the last wedding and realized we went to the same elementary school, too. We were pretty close back then.” She pulled her phone out of her purse. “Check this out.” She unlocked it and showed me a picture of two little kids in wedding attire.

“Holy shit,” I said. Because that was a five-or six-year-old Julie in a fluffy white dress, and her pint-sized groom was me. “No way.”

She laughed and tucked the phone back in her purse, then dropped the purse on the dock and wrapped her arms around me again. “I asked my mom. We were fake-married in kindergarten.”

“That’s fucking nuts.”

She rubbed against me, grinding herself against my stiff cock. “So I figured it’s a sign. We used to be fake-married, and now we keep meeting at weddings.”

“Whoa. Hold up.” She wasn’t going somewhere super crazy with this, was she?

“I GRIPPED HER HAIR, WATCHING THOSE RED LIPS SWALLOW ME.”

She rolled her eyes at my obvious panic. “Calm down. I’m not proposing to you. I just figure that if we keep reconnecting at weddings, it’s a sign.”

“Of what?”

“That I should fuck you at a wedding. I’ve been fantasizing about it for years.”

My jaw dropped. “You have?”

She nodded. “I’ve thought about fucking you in the bathroom, under the gift table, on the dance floor, between the pews, you name it.”

It was all I needed to hear. I leaned in and kissed her, and she kissed me back passionately.

We made out like enthusiastic teenagers, sliding our hands over each other and grinding. Her breasts and ass were perfect, and the little moans she made in her throat were driving me nuts. Then she slid the zipper of my slacks down and dropped to her knees. Before I knew it, she had my pants and boxers at my ankles and her mouth around the head of my cock. She slid all the way down the shaft until the tip of my dick bumped the back of her throat. She pulled back slowly, then took me deep again. I gripped her hair, watching those red lips swallow me. She was amazing at giving head.

If she didn’t stop soon, I was going to come in her mouth. I grabbed her hair and pulled her off my dick, then pushed her onto her back. I tugged her skirt up over her hips, revealing white panties. I slid them off and put them in my pocket for safekeeping, then admired the sight of her bare pussy in the moonlight.

I traced a finger over her slit, then pushed inside. She moaned and arched her back, so I added a second finger before dropping down to lick her clitoris. I sucked, licked, and nibbled, and she writhed as her clit grew stiffer under my tongue. Her high heels dug into my back, and soon she was bucking against my face. She gripped my hair, shoving me harder against her pussy, and I eagerly ate her up.

She shoved me away suddenly. When

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I started to speak, she put a finger on my lips and shook her head. Then she turned over and pushed herself up on all fours. She looked over her shoulder at me, undulating her hips in invitation. "Fuck me hard," she said.

Thankfully, I had a condom in my pocket. I unwrapped it and rolled it over my dick, then knelt behind her and positioned myself at her wet pussy. I slid in slowly. Normally I would go slower with a girl doing doggy with me for the first time—my dick is impressive—but by the way she was moaning and shoving back against me, I knew she liked it a little rough. I sank all the way in until our bodies were flush. She was so fucking tight, and then she squeezed her muscles around me and I damn near lost my mind.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, then pulled out and thrust back in, hard and fast. She cried out, so I did it again, shoving my cock as deep as it would go in her clenching pussy. I fucked her hard on that dock, with the lights of the reception behind us and the lake smooth as glass in front.

When I could tell she was getting close to orgasm, I shoved her torso down so her cheek rested against the wood while her hips were in the air. She was completely at my mercy, her body open for domination, and her moans told me she loved every second of it. I held her

"WE WERE FACE-TO-FACE, BREATHING HARD, AND I KISSED HER DEEP WHILE MY DICK PUMPED IN AND OUT OF HER."

down as I railed her, and I didn't let up until she was begging me to let her come.

I reached under her hips and rubbed her clit. Then she came, her pussy clenching around my cock in little rippling waves while she screamed and pounded her fist against the dock.

It wasn't enough. I pulled out and flipped her over, then plunged back in. We were face-to-face, breathing hard, and I kissed her deep while my dick pumped in and out of her. She was gasping and bucking against me, so I shifted until I got the right angle to rub her clit with every thrust. Her head thrashed on the deck, and when she came again with a ragged scream, I felt like a god.

She sank her nails into my ass and pulled me into her, and I lost it. I hammered into her, and when she squeezed that strong pussy around me, I shuddered and came hard. My vision went black at the edges.

When I could see again, Julie was grinning up at me. "Best wedding ever," she said. "How soon can we do it again?"

We had sex two more times that night and again at a wedding the weekend after. I have her phone number now, and that "good girl" has a filthy mouth and an even dirtier imagination. I don't know if it was fate, but the little girl I fake-married in elementary school just invited me to go wedding-crashing with her next weekend.

–O.R., Seattle, WA

HOTEL HONEY

I saw her through her ground floor window as I walked to my hotel room. I'd just checked in to the small hotel on business. It was an unusual place, on a college campus, smack dab in the center. There was a small pool—closed for the season—and various restaurants surrounding the perimeter. The place was bustling with college kids and faculty all bundled up against the fall chill.

She was pulling a robe over her perfect wet body. Her hair wrapped in a towel and a TV playing in the background. For a split second, our eyes met, and I kind of shrug as if to say, "Sorry I saw you naked".

But she grinned at me and I felt my cock move. She came toward the window and stared at me, smiling, then very deliberately drew the blinds. As she worked the cord, one perfect tit escaped her pale gray robe and brushed the glass.

I hurried to my room, cock hard, straining against my jean zipper. You'd have thought I was a teenager. I laughed to myself. It had been a damn fine body she's been covering up. She

seemed to have a sense of humor, and amazing breasts.

I flopped onto the bed, shut my eyes, pulled up the picture of her in my mind, and figured what the hell. I unzipped, grabbed my cock, and jerked off furiously, letting the scenario of me fucking that beautiful woman unwind in my mind. I came with a grunt, and then took a nice long hot shower. I was tired and my legs ached from driving.

I took a nap and ended up dreaming about my new hotel friend. I got up at dusk and went to the restaurant next door and had a turkey club and a beer. I kept an eye out for the mysterious beauty but had no luck. She was nowhere to be seen.

Then I realized, she'd had her hair wrapped in a towel and she'd been naked. I probably wouldn't' know her even if I saw her.

I wandered out by the pool to smoke a cigarette. I was down to one a day. I tried to relish it.

I sat on a lounger and stretched out despite the crisp air.

I lit the cigarette and enjoyed the weird pool glow and the brisk breeze.

"I see you're not always looking in a strange woman's windows."

I turned fast and there she was. It had to be her. The body was right. She was wrapped in a long dark coat, with tall dark boots on, and the light was shit but her hair appeared to be honey blonde.

"That was an accident," I said, and then laughed.

She moved toward me, her heels clicking on the concrete. She pulled out her own cigarette and lit it. "Trying to quit."

"Me too."

"We're doing well," she said.

I nodded.

We smoked in silence for a few minutes and when I was done I crushed mine out.

"How many are you down to?"

"One."

"I'm down to three. And I always want more." She sat down on the lounger next to me, her thigh pressed against mine. "I get cravings."

I could smell her perfume mingled with the smoke, and it was without a doubt that her leg was pressed eagerly against my leg on purpose.

"I understand."

"But I have found that occasionally you can swap one craving for another. Like this morning, I smoked one of my three because I was horny. And had no one to keep me company. Maybe now, I can get that actual craving satisfied. I mean, if you liked what you saw."

I chuckled. "I like it. A lot."

"Follow me to my room?"

"Right behind you."

She smoked the cigarette down to the filter, stuck it in the sand bucket, and sauntered to her room. I followed a few feet back, watching that spectacular ass swing back and forth.

In her room, she locked the door and took off the coat. Beneath was a black wrap dress that hugged every curve and accented her amazing cleavage. She untied it and peeled it back, let it drop, and stood there in black bra and panties. And the boots of course.

My dick was like stone.

"I like to be in charge," she said.

I nodded. "I'll gladly follow your lead."

She walked to me and put her hand on my crotch. When she felt me hard and she smiled. "Get on your knees, please."

"You haven't told me your name," I said, already lowering myself.

She grinned down at me. "I know."

She grabbed the back of my head and pulled it to the front of her lace panties. I could smell the sweet heat of her, the scent of soap and woman. I opened my mouth and pressed it against her, breathing against the lace covering her mound. When she moaned softly, I stuck my tongue out and dragged it over the fabric. A promise of things to come.

I hooked my fingers in the side of her panties and she didn't stop me. Instead, she bumped her pussy against my mouth. I grinned and tugged them down. Let her step out of them. I spread her open with my thumbs, studied the slick pink lips, and working my way to her clit. Then I went at it like a man starved. I licked her slowly at first, nuzzling, sucking gently. When those fabulous hips began to undulate, I picked up my rhythm.

She wasn't shy. Not by a long shot. She grabbed the back of my head,

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anchoring me, and pressed against me as I ate her.

"Put your fingers in me," she said.

I obeyed eagerly and slipped two fingers inside the warm sugar that was her cunt. She came almost instantly, pulling my hair. Her juices were sweet, warm, and plentiful. I lapped at her until she pulled my hair hard enough to make me see spots.

"Up," she said. "On the bed. And my God, take those pants off."

I was scrambling up even as she started toward me, whipping off her bra. The boots were staying on, I guessed, because she was moving toward me on the bed.

My cock stood up, hard as an iron rod. She moved over me, straddling me, working her way up to my cock. She settled on me but didn't put me inside her. The molten wetness that kissed my shaft made my mind go blank from pleasure.

She started to move up and down my cock. Her hands on my shoulders, her hips moving with seductive liquid perfection. She was like a wave. A force. And her fingers gripped my shoulder as she fucked me.

Her pussy clenched me tight and I hoped beyond hope I could hold on for the long haul. She lowered her body over mine and I captured a ripe red nipple in my mouth. I licked her, then sucked it into my mouth.

"Harder," she said. "Suck them harder. Bite me. I love it. You won't hurt me."

I sucked harder, working the hard knot of flesh with my lips and tongue. Then I used my teeth to rake along that flesh right before nipping her hard with my front teeth.

Her cunt spasmsed around me as she came. Her moisture graced my lap and the rush of it made the friction all the sweeter. She cried out loud and long and banged a hand against the wall with her wet victory.

I grabbed her hips and thrust up under her, going for the other nipple.

He breath was hot and harsh and she rocked her hips from side to side, getting me deep, and exactly where she wanted.

She pulled off me suddenly and got on her hands and knees. "From behind," she said.

I didn't hesitate. I got up behind her and slid my cock deep inside her, watching her envelope me was intense.

She pushed back to take me. I rested one hand on the small of her back and the other on the soft slope of her hips. I tugged her to me every time I thrust.

She swayed with every stroke. Her body was hot beneath my hands.

I inhaled deeply, feeling the deepest, wettest places inside her. My cock was so sensitive, I focused on my movement in my rhythm to draw it out.

"Faster," she said.

I went faster, raising one leg and planting my foot on the mattress to get better leverage. She squeezed her internal muscles on purpose, tight, and I groaned.

"Don't come yet," she panted. "Not yet."

I nodded and drove into her faster. She came again and I marveled at it, how her body wrapped around me tight and squeezed.

She pulled off me again and turned, still on hands and knees. Her mouth gobbled me up. She slipped her lips down my length, her lips brushing my balls she got me so deep. Then her fingers cupped me and her mouth slipped along me and I had to shift my focus to not coming in her mouth.

She pushed me onto my back and I stretched out my legs. Her mouth came down on my balls, sucking them gently, rolling her tongue along my sac. I gasped when she licked my taint. She did it again and laughed softly against my skin.

She went back to my cock, then, swallowing me down. Eager and greedy as she sucked me off. Her fist slipped up and down along my skin and I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Her finger circled my ass and my hips arched of their own accord. She laughed and pushed a bit harder, working her finger into my asshole. She found the perfect place, pressing as she sucked.

I grabbed ahold of her hair and tugged. She snarled and pushed her finger a bit deeper.

The pressure built, the pleasure

increased, the feel of her hot mouth on my skin became overwhelming.

"Come for me, Peeping Tom," she said, joking with me even as I drew closer to getting off.

I grunted and she slid her mouth down to suck my balls again, waggling her finger until I gasped.

"Right there? Like that?" She did it again and I groaned.

Her mouth enveloped me, sucked me in, and I came, my back bending so far it felt like it would break.

She never pulled away. She simply swallowed me down while I held her head eagerly.

She raised her head, licked her lips, wiped the edge of her mouth.

"That's what I'm talking about."

I sighed. "How long are you here?" I asked, hopefully. I was in town for two more nights.

"I leave in the morning," she said. "But it sure was nice meeting you."

–B.H., Columbus, OH

MILF AND GRIZZLY

I've always considered my wife Josie the quintessential MILF, and I think most people would see why. At 45, she's still a youthful, vibrant woman. Slim and slight, she has trim, muscled limbs and a firm ass. She also has gorgeous, bountiful breasts. At the gym—wearing shorts and a sports bra—she invites more attention than many 30-year-olds.

In the bedroom, Josie has always been spirited and game for new ways of playing. Her collection of vibrators and other sex gadgets is impressive, and she doesn't turn up her nose at porn. Since Leah moved out of the house, Josie and I have begun exploring the outer fringes of "The Lifestyle." We've gotten to know some swinging couples, though we've never gone beyond same-room, spouse-on-spouse play with them.

"SHE LAUGHED AND PUSHED A BIT HARDER, WORKING HER FINGER INTO MY ASSHOLE."

About a year ago, we had an opportunity to invite another woman into our bed. This was very exciting for me, as I hadn't had sex with anyone besides Josie since I was 19. At my urging, Josie and this buxom, dark-haired unicorn indulged in some light gal-on-gal action. They French-kissed, feasted on each other's breasts, and massaged each other's clits. I was hard as hell watching all this, and when I finally fucked our special guest, it was like entering a whole new dimension.

But we never repeated the experience. I argued that for our next extracurricular encounter, it was only fair that Josie experience sex with another guy. We knew some candidates among the swinging crowd. But Josie was not sold.

"I like them, Mikey," she confided. "They're sexy, they're sweet guys. But I don't want to screw them."

One night we were at a local pub with friends, and Josie began chatting with the bartender, a stocky, compact, muscular, and very hairy young fellow with one of those bushy beards that guys in their 20s and 30s favor these days. He and Josie discovered that they'd both been swimmers in high school. Innuendos flew.

"I bet you were very good, weren't you?" she asked him. "In the pool."

"Aw, not really. Never really good at sprints."

"More an endurance kind of guy?"

His smile was devilish. "I guess you could say that. I had pretty good breath control."

"I like a guy who doesn't get winded." Josie teased. "Not every man can pace himself."

"With the breast stroke, I never missed a beat."

"OK, cool it down, you two," I interrupted. "Or at least put more ice in my glass, barkeep."

I joked, but their repartee had given me a bit of a chub. I started thinking about what Josie might do with this guy in the sack. The chub became chubbier.

We went back to that pub and saw this guy a few more times. The same sort of sexy repartee happened every time. We never even got to know the guy's name. Josie dubbed him "Baby Grizzly." In bed, she would tease me, talking about what she would do with him given the chance:

"I'd smear honey on that beard of his and let it drip down onto him until his chest hair was all matted," she said. "Poor, sticky Pooh-Bear."

"It's getting late, Josie."

"I know. Hand me that purple vibrator with the revolving head, will ya?"

Earlier this summer, we talked about going to a lifestyle event in Florida, but

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we couldn't find the time to get away. Instead, we booked a few long weekends at my brother's timeshare at a lakeside resort at the other end of our state. It was a vanilla scene—hardly what you'd consider a sexy getaway. But escape from the daily grind is always good.

We arrived on Friday night that first weekend and went for a long hike Saturday morning. That afternoon we ventured down to the pool, which we remembered as being pleasant but surprisingly underutilized.

We slathered on the sunscreen and sprawled on a pair of deck chairs. I was dozing off when I heard Josie whisper loudly: "Oh, my fucking God!"

"What?" I thought she'd encountered some oversized insect.

"Look who's here." She pointed over to a deck chair. There, wearing boxer-style trunks in a paisley pattern, sprawled Baby Grizzly.

"It's gotta be him," Josie said.

"Maybe a doppelganger?"

"No, it's gotta be him."

Just then, the guy stirred. He sat up and took off his sunglasses. He stood up and walked over toward us. Good Christ, he was hairy.

"Damn. It is you," he said, smiling at Josie. "The competitive Guppy is back at the pool!"

"HE CHUCKLED AND TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO HER BIKINI BOTTOMS, PEELING THEM DOWN HER LEGS."

It turned out Grizzly—real name Matt—was staying at a pal's timeshare that weekend. He sometimes tended bar at a local watering hole, but this weekend he was there for sun and fun.

"Sun you've got," I said. "Had any fun yet?"

Matt's eyes scanned Josie's bikini-clad bod from toe to crown.

"It's imminent," he said.

We invited him to join us later for cocktails at our private deck.

Later, alone with Josie, I whispered that we might at last have found her male unicorn. The stars seemed to be aligning. Josie said the prospect was fine with her.

An hour later, the three of us were enjoying rounds of drinks on our deck. At one point, Josie went inside to the bathroom, a little tipsy.

"So, Matt," I said, "you're probably wondering why we invited you here."

"You're swingers, right?"

"Yes and no."

"I like the first part of that answer."

I described our situation. He was totally up for it.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "You go into our bedroom. If all systems are go, I'll bring her in to you."

He didn't have to be asked twice.

Josie was pissed-off when she came back to the deck and found me alone.

"Shit. He left?"

"He hasn't gone far."

I took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom. She was trembling and smiling.

The bedroom lights were dimmed. The ceiling fan turned hypnotically. Matt was on the bed, shirtless. He had a duvet bunched around his groin.

"Hey, there," he said.

Josie's voice was a peep. "Hey…."

He stretched both arms toward her, pulling her on top of him. His mouth met hers. She went limp, collapsing onto his furry, muscled torso.

I sat on the foot of the bed as he began making love to her. He untied the bikini string at the back of her neck, and there were her gorgeous tits. Josie shivered when he began sucking her nipples; the bristles of his thick beard scratched the tender skin of her breasts and belly. By this time, I was stiff and throbbing.

"Am I scraping you, Guppy?" he asked.

"Yes," Josie murmured. "Please continue."

He chuckled and turned his attention to her bikini bottoms, peeling them down her legs. She'd shaved her pussy earlier that afternoon. It was clean and fresh. He put a hand on her vulva and let his thumb diddle her clit. She gasped.

"What a beautiful cunt you have," he said, more like a Big Bad Wolf than a grizzly.

She said nothing. She only moaned.

Matt laughed. "You're supposed to say, 'The better to fuck you with, my dear.'"

Josie could only endure so much clitoral stimulation before she pulled away, falling back on the bed. Matt tossed the duvet aside. His boner had made a tent in his paisley shorts. He shucked them off, revealing a thick, circumcised, fully erect cock—seven inches, I'd say. He lay back against the pillows at the headboard. In no time at all, Josie was teasing the underside of his glans with a fingertip.

"I know I'm a hairy guy," he said, "but I *did* shave my nuts for you. Hope you approve."

In response, Josie pushed her face into the thatch at his groin and began lapping at his shaved scrotum with her tongue. Matt—ecstatic—looked over at me. "You've got a wonderful wife, Mike. You're a lucky man."

"That I am."

"And tonight, so am I. Right, Guppy?"

She answered him by engulfing his prick in her mouth. Josie sucks a mean dick, and I'd been wondering what Matt would think of her technique. Once she had his rod deep in her throat, he grunted like a boar. I, meanwhile, had my hand in my shorts, masturbating. My fingers were slick with precum.

"Let's fuck, OK?" Matt said.

"That's what we're here for," said Josie.

Matt strapped a condom onto his fat shlong.

Josie got on top of him, facing him, guiding his prong into her pussy. His cock was bigger by far than mine—it had to have been the biggest she'd ever taken, considering her previous non-marital experience was with a boy in school decades earlier. She moaned as he slowly squeezed his tool into her box and began pumping hard.

"Mike, she's got an open orifice there that needs some attention."

I crawled over to them and buried my face between her ass cheeks as he thrust harder and faster. She was lusty and loud as he nailed her. Her seismic orgasm came abruptly. Seconds afterward he came with a jolt. I was stroking my own cock as I continued licking her butthole. Within seconds I shot my load all over the sheets.

We played long into the night. During one break, Josie admitted to Matt that she'd been referring to him for weeks as her "Baby Grizzly." He loved that.

The beautiful part was that we were practically neighbors back in our vanilla lives. Since that serendipitous weekend, we've played with Matt several times. Once he brought along Sadie, a voluptuous fuck buddy of his, for a hot foursome.

The next time we meet up, Josie plans finally to bring that fabled jar of honey into the boudoir for Matt. Hot? Yeah. But we may have to hire a special cleanup team to mop up the sticky mess.

–D.S., via email

Some things are just meant to be. You never know when that lucky moment will strike. When it does, we want to hear all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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—AYUMI

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TOP 10 SEXIEST VACATION SPOTS

10. Negril, Jamaica
9. Cabos San Lucas, Mexico
8. Miami, Florida
7. Cap D'agde, France
6. Budapest, Hungary
5. Barcelona, Spain
4. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
3. Buenos Aires, Argentina
2. Mykonos, Greece
1. Saint-Tropez, France

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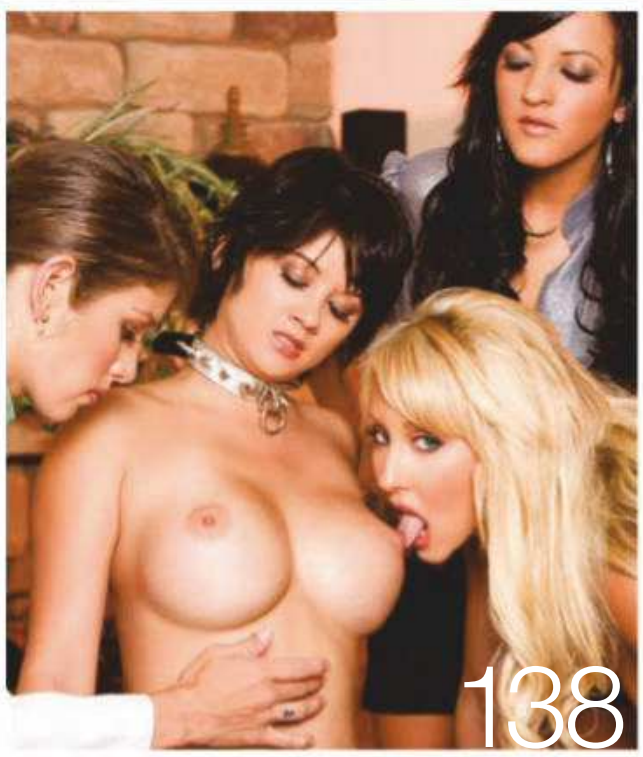

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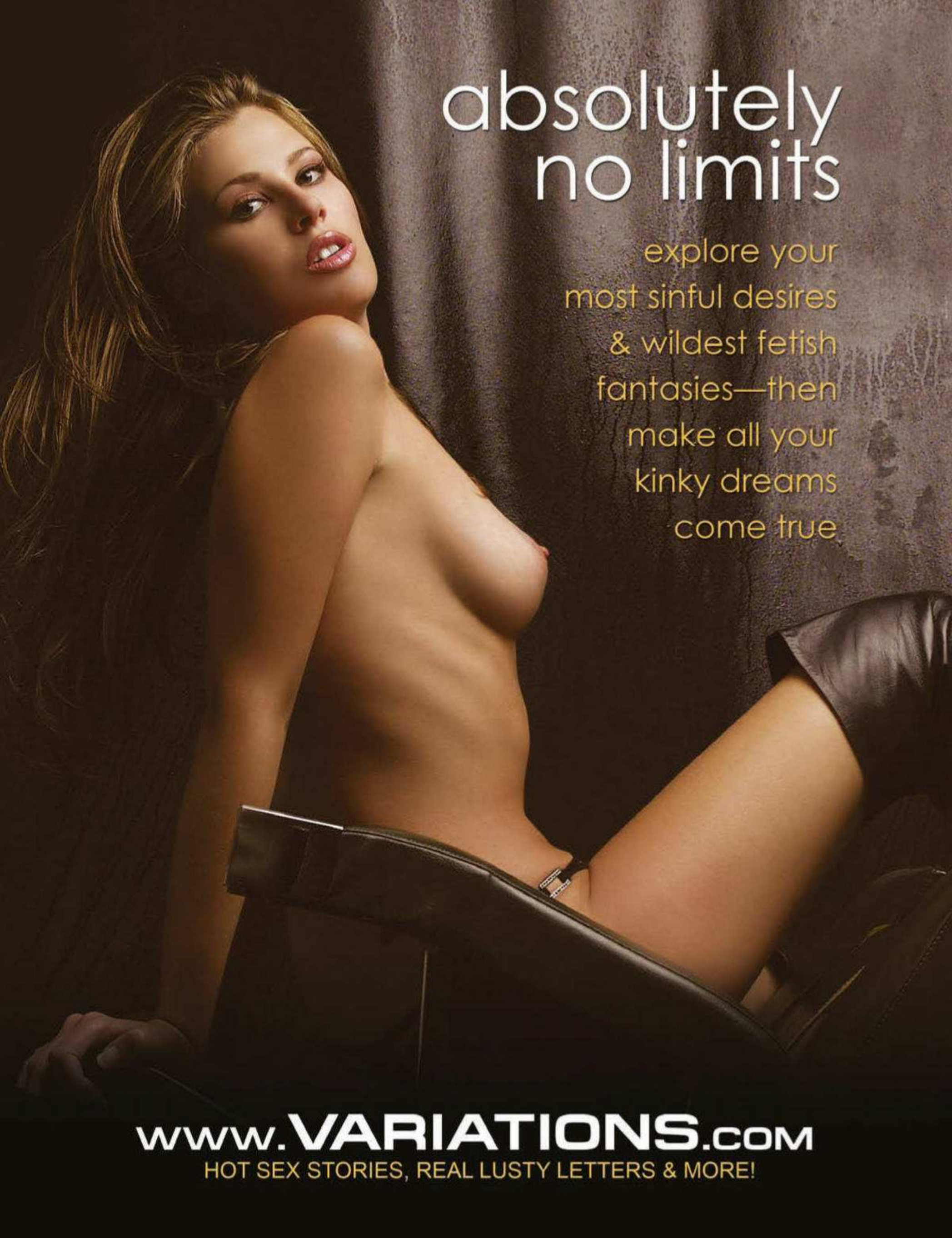
VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

EVERY month our mailbag is stuffed with erotic letters from readers, and this month of *Penthouse Variations* is no exception. You'll be taken away by the kink, lust and delicious restrain.

A dominant woman, in both her work life and the bedroom, is elated when the perfect, young playmate walk into her office. She wastes no time sizing up her treat in "Collared and Kept", while a couple gets the greatest sex show on earth in the window of their timeshare in "Quite A Show". Wide World of Variations is stimulating and sexy, but nothing tops the letter titled, "The Toy Box" where a group of horny housewives attending a sex toy party find themselves on all fours, sucking and fucking, free of inhibitions.

What's your private passion? Send your kinkiest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.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HOLY SPIRIT

I had a girlfriend a few years ago who had the most bizarre fantasy that turned out to be hot. She wanted to have a threesome with me and a ghost. It sounds like a joke, and I laughed the first time she told me about it, but when we actually got into it, it was weirdly erotic.

The identity of the ghost changed almost every time. Sometimes it was a famous dead person, but sometimes it was a fictional archetype like a 1920s mobster or a British duke. She was incredibly creative and detailed once she'd come up with a new character. When we were in the moment, I ignored the "ghost" part and found myself pretending there was another person present. For her, the ghost component was critical.

She resembled a smoking-hot, grown-up Wednesday Addams, with long, straight, dark hair and piercing blue eyes. Her skin was so pale it looked luminescent in the darkness. She was gloriously uninhibited and had a filthy mouth.

My favorite of her ghost fantasies was about an imaginary bank robber from the 18th-century Wild West. When we did "ghost play," she always started with a kind of séance to invite the person she was picturing to come and join us. She encouraged me to sit back and watch, simply making me promise to think welcoming erotic thoughts. No problem there.

"SHE REACHED BACK WITH ONE HAND AND SPREAD HER PLUMP ASS CHEEK IN INVITATION."

Her séance began with her sitting on the floor completely naked and surrounded by candles in glass jars, like the religious candles you can buy in the gas station. The candlelight flickered on her creamy skin and cast shadows on all her curves.

Then she spread her legs wide open and invited the spirit she was imagining to come into her sacred place and share pleasure with us. She moved her hand from her high, tight breasts to her perfect little pink pussy, where she parted her folds and slid her fingertips inside just a little before finding her clit. As she started to rub in tiny circles, she rolled her neck back and closed her eyes.

"Join us this night, Spirit, and take your pleasure as we will take ours. I seek you, dark criminal of the historic West. I know you are restless and want to take me as you used to take what wasn't yours."

She continued rubbing, moving her fingers in faster and faster circles. Since she wasn't looking at me, I got to sit there and stare, admiring her hard nipples and tiny waist, anticipating the moment when I could finally wrap my hands around that waist and drive my dick into her.

"I offer you this pussy," she continued, "which is wet and ready for your cock to plunder."

As she said this, she worked one finger after another from her other hand into her pussy. She was now so aroused I could hear the slick moisture as she thrust her fingers in.

"I offer you my throat to fuck as you please. Use me, Spirit. I offer you my ass to spread wide as you thrust your dick into my most secret place. Take me, Spirit."

She slid her ring finger from her pussy to the little rosebud of her ass, pressing

until it slid in. Now she was thrusting with two fingers in her pussy and one in her ass. The first time I saw her séance, I was too focused on how bizarre it was to really enjoy it. Now that I knew what to expect, I just ignored the weirdness and enjoyed the view. Who gave a fuck if she was morbid, if that also meant she let me watch her masturbate wantonly? I could've suggested her "ghost" was into just about anything and she would've been game.

Her breath came in panting gasps and her hands were moving frantically, about to reach a crescendo. She arched her back and spread her legs wider as she came, moaning deeply, "We welcome you."

Once Melissa had her first orgasm, it was like all the restraints of civilization fell away and she was consumed by pure lust. She wanted to touch and suck and fuck until she was a quivering puddle on the bed. I was always happy to oblige.

She rose from the floor in one movement to jump onto the bed with me, climbing on top of me facing my dick. She sat on my chest and leaned forward, parting her lips and sliding my dick into her mouth without a word.

I knew what she wanted me to do, so I grabbed a dark purple dildo that was on the bed and started to work it into her pussy. She moaned and redoubled her efforts, sucking my cock deeper into her mouth until I was thrusting against her throat.

"He's here, Melissa. And he's fucking your pussy. He's got about a century of pent-up lust, so I hope you're ready for it."

She moaned again, thrusting back against me.

"He's angry that he was caught robbing banks and wants to take it out on your ass."

She reached back with one hand and spread her plump ass cheek in invitation. I pulled the dildo out of her pussy and poured some lube onto it,

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although it was so wet that it seemed redundant. I met resistance as I tried to press the head of the toy into her ass, but she relaxed and I eventually worked it all the way in. She was so excited that she was practically devouring my cock, making it hard to focus on anything except thrusting the toy into her ass in long, forceful strokes.

I acted like I didn't get caught up in the fantasy but was imagining a pissed-off criminal drilling my girlfriend's ass as she sucked my cock. She came at least three more times before I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold back any longer, so I stopped her. I left the toy in her ass but encouraged her to slide down so she was riding my cock in reverse cowgirl.

She spread her pussy open and placed the head of my dick at her opening. Once it was lined up, she dropped her weight down, pressing my dick deep inside her. I only had a second to simply enjoy the feeling of her tight, wet pussy wrapped around me before she started to ride me, dropping her weight down so hard her thighs were slapping against my hips.

I took hold of the toy again and used her momentum to make it feel like the Spirit was fucking her ass at the same time. It was big enough that I could feel it pressing against my dick as it slid in and out of her.

She was breathlessly groaning, "Oh, God, yes! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! You're both fucking me! Use my holes! I'm your cum slut and want to feel you explode inside me! I'm so full! You're spreading me so wide!"

I came while pulling her closer so I could finish deep.

My favorite thing about Melissa is that she didn't give a fuck if I came. She wasn't finished yet. She kept going until she was finished, too.

She left my semi-hard dick inside her and kept grinding against me, rubbing her clit.

I knew what she needed to finish again, so I said, "He's getting so close to coming, baby. He wants to punish it and finish in your ass, leaving part of himself behind."

I thrusted a little harder and faster with the toy, meeting the speed of the hand she was using on her clit. She came one last time, collapsing against me with the toy still inside her.

I couldn't wait to see what kind of ghost she would conjure next.

–C.C., via email

THE GENTLEMAN

My husband is the perfect British gentleman, at least in public. He's outrageously charming and comes across as possibly too polite to have sex. With dark hair and bright blue eyes, he looks a lot like Richard Armitage. With a voice made to seduce, he certainly sounds like him. When he finally asked me out, I discovered that the prim and proper facade conceals one of the filthiest humans I've ever encountered.

At dinner on that first date, he was the consummate gentleman: pulling out my chair, opening doors, standing when I came back to the table from the bathroom. His manners were impeccable. I felt a little bad at how wildly attracted to him I was. Just watching him roll his sleeves up to expose his muscled forearms had me rubbing my thighs together in frustration. I wanted to see what would happen if he broke the rules just once and wondered if I could be the woman to push him over the edge.

I tried rubbing his leg with my foot under the table, but he apologized for being in my space and moved back. I attempted innuendo after innuendo, but he never took the bait to join me in the gutter. I was blatantly checking him out and he didn't even notice.

By the end of the night, I had bascally given up. There was no cracking him. I was unsurprised when he opened the passenger door and escorted me up the path to my house. I was mentally pondering the question of whether he would politely kiss me on the cheek or chastely on the lips when he took me by the shoulders and pushed me forcefully up against the door. With his whole body pressed against mine, I could feel that he was not as unaffected by

the evening as I had thought. He was deliciously hard.

He leaned in and kissed me hard, erotically sliding his tongue against mine, domineering and decidedly impolite. I was stunned.

"May I come in?" he asked. But it wasn't really a question.

I fumbled with my keys until I got the door open. He kissed me again before saying, "I'd like to blindfold you now. May I do that?"

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak coherently. He was my every fantasy come to life.

He led me over to the couch, and I expected to sit down, but instead he bent me over the wide arm. He took his tie off and gently slid it over my eyes, knotting it behind my head. The last thing I saw before he deprived me of sight was the wicked gleam in his gorgeous blue eyes that I had been trying to instigate all night.

"HE TOOK HIS TIE OFF AND GENTLY SLID IT OVER MY EYES, KNOTTING IT BEHIND MY HEAD."

How had I ended up bent over and blindfolded that quickly? I begged the gods that he would keep moving that fast because I was painfully aroused.

I heard the rustle of clothes followed by a zipper. I was about ready to beg.

"I have a bit of an oral fixation, Miss Sanford. By that I mean I derive intense pleasure from using my tongue, both to please you and to tell you what I'm doing. Would you like to know what I'm going to do, Miss Sanford?"

I nodded again.

"I'm going to flip that tight little skirt up over your plump arse to find out whether you're wearing any panties. I think you're a naughty girl and I suspect that not only will I find that you've forgone proper undergarments this evening, but that your pussy is already slick and ready for me."

My cheeks were burning with mortification, but it was nothing compared to the heat I could feel between my legs. I wondered if I could

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grind my clit against the couch without him noticing. The sound of his perfect British accent and that deep voice articulating such filthy words was its own kind of foreplay.

He ran his hands down my thighs and then slid them back up, pushing my skirt over my ass. He was right. I hadn't worn any panties. I shivered with arousal, knowing that my bare pussy and ass were totally exposed.

I could feel his breath against my skin as his thumbs moved between my ass cheeks and spread my pussy lips.

"May I lick this gorgeous cunt and arse? I desperately need to taste you."

I nodded again, but this time I couldn't hold back a moan.

His warm, wet tongue instantly found my clit, parting my folds and delving down to flick back and forth against it. For long, torturously pleasurable moments, he worked my bud with his tongue like no other man ever had. I didn't think I could come from oral, but found my hips slamming against the couch as I rode out my first orgasm.

No sooner had I stopped shaking from the first before he redoubled his efforts, moving his tongue harder and faster against me. He pressed a thumb into my pussy and I thought I was going to die from pleasure as he ground it against my g-spot in time to his strokes against my clit. I came again, and I didn't think I could take any more, but he just kept going.

He traced his wet thumb down from my pussy and took up stroking my clit with it in perfect tiny circles. He seemed to know my body better than I did.

I jerked when I felt his tongue against my asshole. No one had ever touched me there. It felt wrong and dirty and exciting and sinfully erotic all at once. His slick licking turned to gentle probing, parting my most secret place with his tongue. As I felt him slide inside just a little, I came again, now mindless with pleasure.

He disappeared for a moment, and when he returned, I could feel his cock against my thigh. He had put on a condom. Thank the gods; he was finally going to fuck me!

"IT FELT WRONG AND DIRTY AND EXCITING AND SINFULLY EROTIC ALL AT ONCE."

"Now I know how you taste, I have to know how it feels to slide deep inside that delicious pussy. I'm going to fuck you now."

I wanted him to just ram it inside me, but like everything he did, he tortured me by working it in slowly, using little strokes to fuck me deeper and deeper. Once he was all the way in, he fucked me as hard as I was craving, leaning over to rub my clit with one hand.

"I'm going to lick your taste off my thumb now, and then I'm going to push it inside that tight virgin ass. I want to feel you come with it in there. If you're a good girl, maybe next time I'll let you have my cock in there."

I barely lasted long enough to feel something penetrate my ass for the first time before another orgasm rocked through me. I'd lost track of how many times I had come by the time he finally finished as well.

He was certainly a gentleman in that regard but was not as straight laced as I had imagined.

–E.S., via email

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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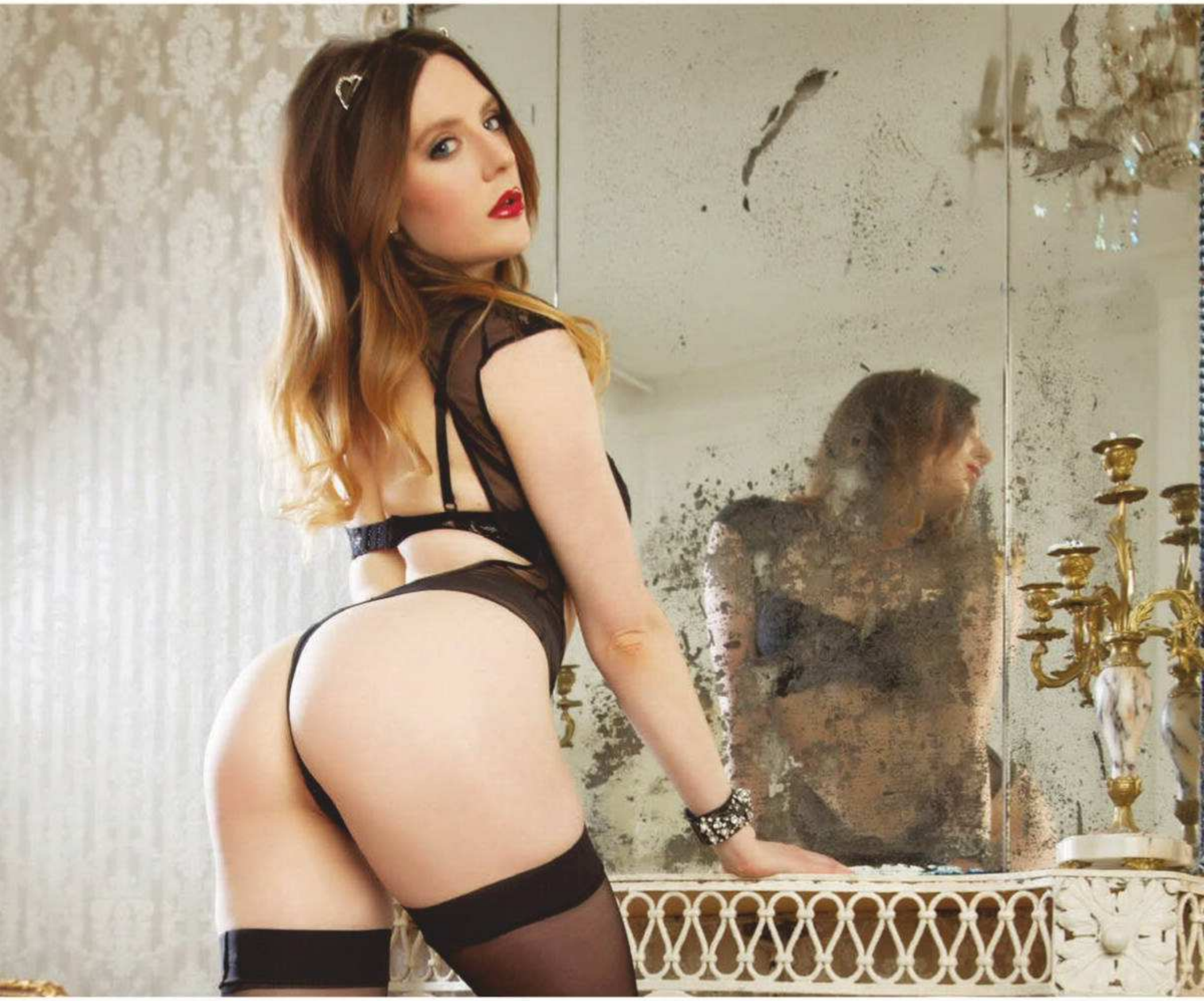

VIXEN STATUS

SAMANTHA MAY BE A SUBMISSIVE, BUT THIS VIXEN IS NO PUSH OVER.

"I LOVE BEING DOMINATED. I WANT TO BE SMOTHERED."

—SAMANTHA

VARIATIONS

VOYUERISM

QUITE A SHOW

A couple on vacation enjoy the best show on earth.

By Madison Purdy

Janet and I learned early on that our timeshare was a veritable smorgasbord of watching opportunism. We shared a love of voyeurism and it often fueled our sex lives for days if not weeks—sometimes even years—after an adventure.

There was one couple that we absolutely adored and we always hoped their visits would coincide with ours.

When we drove up to our condo, Janet made an excited little sound.

"What?" I asked, squeezing her thigh.

She pointed and giggled. "They're here. Mr. and Mrs. Turquoise Thunderbird." That's what we'd been calling them for the last few years since we didn't know their names.

"I wonder what unit they're in?" I said, piloting the car to a parking spot. My cock already throbbed at the prospect of how wet my wife was just knowing our favorite couple was here at the same time as us.

I planned to bury my dick in that wetness the moment we got inside. Then we could scope out our neighbors.

Just then we saw them emerge from the unit right next to us. She grabbed my arm and squeezed, then slid my hand all the way up until it was in her lap, resting over the heat of her crotch.

"Is someone ready to kick off vacation?"

We watched them get into their car and tip us a neighborly wave as we parked. I waved back and Janet gave them an excited little finger wave.

"Yes. I want you to fuck me sideways when we get inside," she said.

I chuckled. "If you insist."

We're masters of packing light so we dropped our bags and I immediately unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. I pushed a finger into her, then a second, because, my god, was she wet.

She groaned and turned her back to me. She put her hands on the back of the sofa and levered her ass toward me. It didn't take a genius to read that offer.

I unbuckled my belt and got my pants down. This first one would be perfect—fast and dirty—a wonderful appetizer.

"SHE PUT HER HANDS ON THE BACK OF THE SOFA AND LEVERED HER ASS TOWARD ME."

I slid my cock into her as easy as you please. She worked her clit with her fingers, slammed her tight ass back to meet me, and said, "We're going to fuck like rabbits this vacation. We're going to see all there is to see and by the time we leave we're going to be exhausted– "

She gasped, her pussy quivering around me, but she didn't come.

I smacked her ass to urge her on. "Go on– "

"And sated, and have lots of good things to remember to talk about and fuck to. Enough to get us through the long hard winter."

I smacked her again, grabbed her hips hard, held on, and hammered into her. She came, crying out loudly, not worrying who heard.

The sensation of that tight slick cunt spasming around me did me in. I emptied into her, digging my fingers into the meat of her hips as I came.

She turned to me and kissed me. "Let's clean up and see what the setup is. I want to know if we can see into their patio window. I want to know what's what. Hopefully, we'll get a really good show."

Later that night we found out just how much we could see considering there was very little space between our sliding doors. Our neighbors were just as frisky as we were, it turned out. They'd settled down on the large oversized sofa by the slider but neglected to pull the blinds. After all, the units clustered around a small picnic area that connected by gate to the pool area. Which was closed for the season.

Janet had gotten up to fix us a snack to go with the movie. I heard her yell, "We have action!" and I couldn't help but laugh. My wife cracked me up without fail.

I paused the movie and got up to join her. We peered through the darkness to their lit living room. Janet had extinguished our lights so we weren't blatantly obvious, standing there.

"Must be a boring movie," she said.

The husband slid his hands into his wife's pants and when she smiled, he did too. She arched her hips, I imagined, opening herself up to his fingers more.

He pushed his fingers deep inside her pussy, his forearm working as he flexed them, and then withdrew to play the moisture over her clit. He worked her in circles until her hips were thrusting up eagerly. Then he pushed his fingers back into her warm sugary mess.

Janet let out a moan, snapping me back to where we were. I put my arms

around her and drew her back against my body. My hard cock nestling in her ass crack. I played with her nipples through her thin sleep shirt. She grinded against me, creating friction that was both exquisite and maddening.

"When this is done, I'm going to fuck you so hard," I said in her ear.

She gave a deep groan in response and pushed her body back against mine.

The husband had moved to take his wife's pants off. We watched him peel them down as she smiled up at him. He said something and she laughed again. They both glanced toward the door to the unit.

"Wonder what that's all about?" I said, sliding my hand down into Janet's pajama pants. I found her slick and warm. I teased a trail of her wetness over her clit.

"Who knows," she gasped.

He pushed her legs wide and went down on her, burying his face between her pretty thighs. She let her head fall back and put her hands in his dark hair, thrusting her hips up to get more contact with his lapping tongue.

I slid a finger into Janet and her pussy clenched me like a small wet fist.

He levered his body up and hovered over her on his knees. She smiled up at him, patted his cock that was clearly, even from our vantage point, tenting is sleep pants. He laughed and thrust at her until she gave in and tugged his pants down. She sat up slightly and took his hard-on in her mouth. His ass clenched when she sucked him in and I could imagine a deep groan coming from him.

He fucked her mouth, a hand on the back of her pretty head, and then suddenly pulled free and pushed her back. He slid his cock along her slit repeatedly until she arched her body up. Then he plunged into her, covering her body with is. Ass pumping, her legs moving up to lock to his sides.

Janet reached back, found my cock, gave it a friendly squeeze.

He moved into her, rocking his hips, then pulled free again. Went back to licking her pussy. Then up to have her suck his cock. Then back to fucking her. I was holding my breath, watching his rhythm and timing.

He finally settled with his mouth on her, working her pussy with his fingers. When she came, we actually heard her cries and we both groaned slightly. She clutched his head and shuddered beneath him.

Then they both turned to the door again as if they'd heard a sound.

"Doorbell?" Janet asked, breathlessly.

"Must be. Company? This late? They must be scrambling to– "

But no one was scrambling. Not at all. He got up and headed to the door, buck naked.

"They definitely know who it is," Janet said. Then she laughed.

A moment later the husband appeared with another man in tow. The wife instantly got on her knees, beckoned to him, and when he stepped forward, she began to unbutton his jeans.

"Oh, this just got even better," I said and squeezed Janet's tits affectionately.

"You can say that again."

"We've hit pay dirt."

She unzipped his pants and beckoned him closer. He moved in and she sat up to suck him. Her hand found his balls and cradled them. All the while Mr. Neighbor watched his wife. Hands on hips, dick at attention.

"Oh, man," Janet said.

I slid my hand back down her belly and into her pants and slide three fingers right up inside her tight little cunt.

She got into it, sitting on the edge of the sofa, working his cock with her fist, ringing the tip with her tongue. Behind the visitor her husband started to stroke his dick in short brisk pumps.

Janet and I were both holding our breath because almost simultaneously we inhaled sharply.

She said something and laughed and her husband came and laid on the sofa. The visitor backed up a few steps, thankfully, giving Janet and I a clear shot at the festivities.

Husband took wife's hand and she straddled him, settling slowly and deliberately on his erection. She took her time, easing down, looking pleased. His big hands came up to cup her breasts. Then he pinched her nipples hard and fast, and again, we could hear her cry in our unit.

Janet moaned. Rough nipple play was in her wheelhouse.

VARIATIONS

VOYUERISM

I reached up and gave one a hard and fast pinch just for fun.

She started to ride him, holding onto his broad shoulders as she lifted herself, hovered, then slammed back down. Her hair swayed with every motion and he held her thighs in his big hands. His hips rocking up enthusiastically every time she came down on him.

Janet pushed her pajama pants down and kicked them off.

"What's that for?" I asked, while idly stroking her clit.

"Just so we're ready when the money shot comes."

I nodded and undid my lounge pants and let them fall. My cock bobbed up, ready and alert, and I nudged her in the ass with it.

She sighed and said, "Someone's ready."

I pushed my fingers back in her pussy. "As if you're not," I said, then chuckled.

"Oh, I am."

The wife fucked hubby faster, head titled back.

The newcomer went to her, got behind her, straddling the husband's calves. He held her tits as they bounced with her movement, stroking and pinching her nipples. A bright flash from the TV lit the tableaux giving it a surreal quality.

He reached down, stroking her ass, working her back hole. Her body arched, straining toward his touch even as she rode her husband like a stallion.

"Oh, I think I see where this is going," I said.

"Wifey likes it in both holes," Janet said, her voice strained.

My fingers were still idly in her pussy, so I flexed them, feeling the plump swollen knot of her G-Spot.

"Oh, god. Do that again," she said.

"Soon. Not now."

She groaned, and I laughed.

Their guest positioned himself at the wife's back hole, and she paused, settled on her husband so his cock was deep inside her.

He eased into her, moving slow. His hands on her hips, just above where her husband gripped her. He moved in and out carefully at first. When she started to move, slamming her body back to take his cock in her ass, he sped up.

Her husband thrust up from under her, the guest slammed into her from behind, and she, she let her head fall back and took it all.

Janet leaned forward, hands on her thighs. "Fuck me," she said.

"Oh, no. Not yet."

She reached back and found my cock. She jerked me off furiously, trying to get me to cave. I held on and refused to

"HER HAIR SWAYED WITH EVERY MOTION AND HE HELD HER THIGHS IN HIS BIG HANDS."

come, or cave to her demand. When this performance paid off, I'd slid my dick into my wife and watch her come in a split second. Then I'd ring two or three out of her. I was sure of it.

"You're cruel," she said, slowing her stroke.

"No, I'm watching." I pointed and she turned her attention back to them.

The wife had laid herself almost flat on her husband as he held her. His hips driving up from beneath. The man behind her rode her ass like nobody's business, sliding in and out over and over with ease.

She tossed her head suddenly, trembling, and we heard her this time too, but faintly because her head was turned away. The ghost of an orgasmic cry.

The visitor planted his right foot on the sofa and went at her. His movements fast and hard as her husband held her tight and occasionally thrust up from beneath. He held her with a firm grip and when he came it was obvious. His whole body went rigid including his jaw.

Janet gasped and I pulled her closer. I ran my fingers gently over her skin and felt her shiver.

"Soon," I said in her ear.

"Now what?" she replied.

Now, her loving husband got up and the gentleman caller sat on the sofa. She rolled onto her back and rested her upper body in his lap. He stroked her hair and touching her nipples. Her husband settled between her spread thighs and plunged into her pussy. She moved her body up to meet him and take him. Her mouth open in obvious pleasure, though we couldn't hear her sounds. The visitor leaned down to kiss her, pinching a nipple vigorously. Drawing them out from her body before letting them go.

Janet pushed her hand between her thighs and stroked her clit. She swirled eager circles she watched the show.

Watching her lose patience enough to touch herself before all was said and done made my cock grow even stiffer. Which I thought impossible.

Hubby went at his wife hard and fast, all the while the other man watched. She leaned her head back and he bent to kiss her. Her husband pulled from her suddenly and flipped her on her hands and knees again. He lined his cock up with her asshole.

"Sloppy seconds," Janet said on a breathless whisper.

My cock jumped as I watched him drive into her.

His head tipped forward, his hands possessive on her hips, as he started to move faster and faster. I tried to imagine his sounds. Grunting, harsh, gruff– reclaiming his wife in front of the other man. Letting her knew that she was, at

the end of the day, his.

It was something Janet and I had fantasized about aloud as we fucked. Watching it, brought all that up.

She reached over and grabbed my cock. She gave me a little tug and I laughed, moving toward her.

She planted her small hands on the sliding glass door. She spread her stance, thrust her ass back toward me. "Fuck me," she said.

Any other time I'd have denied her. Just to heighten the inevitable pleasure. Not this time. I was as far gone as she was.

I planted on hand on her hip and one on her shoulder. Over her shoulder, I watched our neighbor ass banging his wife like a war drum.

The visitor leaned forward and reached under her. Stroking her pussy, playing with her clit, thrusting his fingers inside her as her husband fucked her.

I slide into Janet, my cock as hard a stone. My heartbeat was pure chaos as I fucked her.

Whatever the visitor was doing to the misses, it must have been her cup of tea, because she came. We heard her cries again, soft and ghostly, muffled by distance and glass. But still–there they were.

Janet slammed back against me. "Yes–" She growled.

I grunted and kept moving into her. She was so tight and wet. Gripping me firmly. Making my balls ache and my heart pound. I thought about her tight ass and wondered if I'd get there this vacation. I sure as hell hoped so.

We watched, transfixed, as her husband held himself together and reamed her tight, pert ass.

The visual as making my head swim. Our own private viewing of one of our shared fantasies.

"Jesus. Baby–" Janet came, shoving her hand over her mouth so that they would hear her. Her pussy trembled around me, smooth and wet like damp velvet.

"Fuck–" I said.

"We are," she whispered. Then she giggled. Then she put a hand on my thigh to make me stop.

"Fuck my ass," she said.

I waited a second and then said, "You don't have to tell me twice."

"Good," she said.

She leaned forward even more, hands still planted. If they had bothered to look, they might have seen us, but they didn't. They were clearly busy.

I pressed to her back hole, watching him over her shoulder. The husband was looking on the verge. Jaw clenched, body tense, hips sliding forward eagerly with every thrust.

My cock breached her ass and I paused to let that sweet tightness adjust to being opened. When she hissed, and pushed back against me, I gave in and started to move.

She stroked her clit as I fucked her, wanting to come with an ass full of dick.

In front of us, the husband grabbed his wife's hair and held it. One, two, three more hard thrusts and he bellowed. It was so loud I wondered what it was like in their actual unit.

"Jesus Christ–" Janet said, but not because of him. Hearing him, seeing him, watching the whole scenario has made her so ferociously horny she came again. I felt the spasms of her tight little cunt in her even tighter little ass.

It was my turn to hiss. I held her steady and went to town. I fucked her hard and fast and felt my body pass its tipping point.

I came, chanting "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming…" as quietly as I could in her ear.

"Fill me up, baby," she stage whispered.

I couldn't stifle a moan. She was filthy dirty and absolutely perfect.

They were simply talking now, and visiting, and we were done watching. I pulled the blinds and grabbed my wife for a long kiss.

"Wow," she said. "That was fucking amazing."

"Yes, it was. Who knew we'd not only get our favorite couple, but a bonus player too."

"I guess we're just lucky," she said.

"Lucky as hell."

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COLLARED AND KEPT

A dominant administrator finds the perfect young playmate.

By Lily White

As a university administrator who works in career counseling, my job ranges from busy to boring to useless. I work for a law school, though, so I seldom have to deal with annoying entitled undergrads—just future entitled lawyers. Still, it's not so bad.

I I'm in my mid-forties, divorced, and as of this year, my only child is thriving on her own away at college, too, so it's been fun having actual free time outside of work and/or not having to worry when work is busier.

The first-year students arrive in late August, so once the drama of orientation is settled, I can devote my full energy to helping rising students find placements at externships, firms, etc. I love seeing hot younger guys in my office, especially when they're all dressed up in suits. However, I've never done anything that remotely borders on flirtation.

At least, that was the truth until I met Patrick—and at that point, even though we ended up throwing the "rules" out the window, it was clear I'd have to toughen up.

Being a dominant woman is not smooth sailing most of the time, at least in relationships. There are very few men willing to surrender all aspects of control, and the ones who might get there need to be consciously cultivated. Most of the "cuck" stuff you see out there in the press today is not the true, joyous expression of male surrender, but rather the man-hating invention of idiots with political agendas. I won't go there—but I will say that just like emotions are fluid, so is sexual expression, and that sometimes means unexpected changes all around.

Case in point: I spent most of my twenties as a victim without realizing it. I let men walk on me, use me—yet somehow, I still craved their attention. My ex picked up on my vulnerability as he watched me from afar back then—so when he stepped in, he was adamant that I ditch the self-deprecation and daddy issues and embrace the chance to be cherished as a naturally submissive woman.

"I LOVE SEEING HOT YOUNGER GUYS IN MY OFFICE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE ALL DRESSED UP IN SUITS."

And even though I had let men control me my whole life, often in unhealthy ways, I struggled against my loving Damien until it finally hit me that in my surrender, I experienced the ultimate feeling of safety. Specifically, I loved it when he would "take me in hand" and administer a firm but loving spanking when he was frustrated with something I did or if I made him jealous. I used to get so wet—and then we'd have crazy sex. (I know, I can hear the feminists howling in the hills, too, and I'm ignoring them.)

We had a wonderful marriage for almost a decade—but toward the end, we were both sexually restless. He wanted to swing, I didn't; I wanted to experiment with switching our "roles," and he wasn't comfortable. We tried to negotiate but amiably reached the conclusion to part ways so as not to ruin what we had with any unnecessary acrimony and to keep things easy for our daughter. To this day, we remain close friends, and he's the one who nudged me forward and said, "Eliza, I don't want you to ever hold back on my account. I think you should pick up the paddle—and I mean that literally—and see for yourself what it's like to take charge." He kissed me on the forehead and I thanked him. Don't worry: I won't flood you with sentimentality, but the last "permission" my "ex master" gave me was to become the person that I was meant to be, and that's priceless.

Post-divorce, I dated around but found myself frustrated by endless broken beta males and man-children who had no hope of growing up. I didn't want to be a mommy all over again. And then I got busy with my daughter and wanting to enjoy her senior year, so romantic pursuits fell by the wayside. But with her gone as of this fall, I found myself checking out a few dating apps—namely, that one with the beehive logo where women have to say "hi" first.

I loved sitting at my desk swiping and browsing a seemingly endless parade of good-looking guys. I was never worried about matching with students, since most of them are either paired off or dating women in their 20s or 30s.

One Monday morning, I was swiping away and enjoying my coffee when someone knocked at my door.

"Come in!"

The door opened to reveal an absolute hunk—my Patrick. He has bright blue eyes which maintain a perpetual

look of mischief about them, and back then, he had tousled, shoulder-length blonde hair. He was wearing board shorts and a T-shirt, so it looked like he was more of an aspiring surfer or swimsuit model instead of a law student hoping to impress our firm.

I pursed my lips and looked at him skeptically: "Can I help you?"

"Yes, hi–I know I don't have an appointment, but I just thought I'd drop by and ask a question."

"Yes, of course, what can I help you with?"

"Um, I wasn't sure if I needed to turn in a separate form to get credit on my summer externship. There's nothing on the website–"

"Oh, yes, sorry for the confusion. The webmaster quit last week before he updated the policy page. Here, this won't take a second." I stood up, stepped over to my file cabinet, and opened a drawer.

When I looked up, I saw that Patrick had turned around and was watching me intently.

I gave him a demure smile, and that's when he looked me up and down and said: "You have great legs."

I could feel my face turning beet-red: "Oh…well, thank you."

"I don't mean to make you uncomfortable, but, yeah, thought I'd point it out."

I handed him the form. "Don't worry, I won't sue you–not this time." I smiled. "Just return it once you get your supervisor's signature."

Patrick grinned and stood up so he was standing right next to me–and "WOW!" was all I could think! His physique placed him somewhere between surfer dude and Viking prince. He offered me his hand. "Will do. Thanks again for this."

I shook his hand, and from the warmth of his touch, I felt familiar tingles of arousal pinging my nipples. "Y-you're welcome." I cleared my throat.

VARIATIONS

↘ DOMINANT SEX PLAY

"HE GOT ON HIS KNEES, REACHED OVER THE DESK, AND PULLED MY FOOT TO HIS MOUTH."

Still clearly checking me out, Patrick reached in his pocket and handed me a business card. "In case you decide to sue me after all."

And with that, he left. I felt so flushed—I needed a walk, an iced coffee, and an emergency trip to the single-occupancy ladies' room with my pocket rocket. When I got home that night, I went wild with my toys.

I started in the bathtub with my waterproof wand, thinking of Patrick's stare on my body as I teased my clit. Still wet and horny after I toweled off, I got out my dual-action toy in bed and fantasized about how much I wanted to wrap my legs around his great body. It had been a while—not only since the last time I had sex, but also far too long since anyone I met had such an effect on me. Yet at that point, I wasn't certain if I wanted to call him after hours—but I kept his card on my dresser all the same.

The next day at work, I found myself once more swiping on the app while things lulled between morning appointments and my lunch hour. And just as I was about to keep swiping left, I recognized the face of my absolute hunk. Except, in his dating profile photos, he was mostly shirtless and wearing a distinctive plain leather collar around his neck—but without an "O" ring attached, it did not seem like a collar of "ownership," as I understood from years of living in the BDSM scene with my ex.

I pursed my lips and swiped right—and what a surprise, Patrick matched with me.

Who'd have thought a hunk like that would be on the prowl for an older woman—maybe even a dominant older woman? I felt butterflies in my stomach at the thought and fired off a quick message: *Where was your collar yesterday?*

I spent the rest of the day looking at my phone, but no dice. Around 4:30, I started to gather my things, thinking maybe I'd slip out a little early and treat myself to a mani-pedi. In case he wasn't going to respond, I figured feeling beautiful would make me feel a little less awkward.

But sometimes life is funny in a good way. At 4:45 when I was powering off my computer, there was a single knock, and then Patrick let himself in my office.

I looked up from my screen and could not conceal my shock.

Patrick smiled at me and stepped over to my desk. "The only reason I didn't have my collar on yesterday was because I went to the beach, and the salt water will ruin it."

I giggled. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, I don't have my form signed. So I guess the only other possibility is my desire to serve you—if you'd have me?"

He got on his knees, reached over the desk, and pulled my foot to his mouth, offering a kiss to my nude leather pumps.

I laughed. "What do you think you're doing?"

Patrick took off my shoe and began kissing my toes.

"Hey, now—" I tried to stop laughing and be serious. "We need to set up some ground rules. You can't be coming in here like this."

"Oh?" Patrick looked up at me with those wide-open, puppy-dog eyes of his. "Can I take you to dinner tonight?"

It was so tempting just to say yes—I certainly wanted him. But I knew that playing at the level I wanted to play means playing the long game. I pursed my lips at him and said, "I already have plans. You're going to have to wait."

"How long?" He reached for my foot again and tenderly placed it back inside my shoe.

"Tomorrow," I paused. "And no old

collars allowed. Make reservations."

"Shall I pick you up here?"

"I don't think you've earned that yet. But you can send a car for me."

Patrick smiled again. "I will do my best to please you." He went to reach for my hand and then stopped short. "May I?"

"Yes." I smiled, letting him kiss my hand. And with that, Patrick went on his way and I went to the salon—wetter than ever. With an important date ahead, now I really needed that mani-pedi.

The next evening, just as we planned, I received a text telling me that a black car was outside waiting to pick me up from work. I stepped out of the law school and saw the car idling near the parking garage. For my day-to-evening look, I'd chosen a black sheath dress that showed off my toned figure (thank you, genetics and Pilates) and long legs. I wore my red hair in a loose chignon during the day, but before I left the office, I let it tumble free and wild.

When I got to the car, I was surprised (although I should not have been) to see Patrick waiting in the back seat. As we pulled away from the law school and dispensed with the pleasantries, my voice turned critical. "I thought you were going to be at the restaurant? Didn't I tell you no picking me up?"

Patrick smiled. "Well, technically, I'm not doing the picking-up part."

"You like to test limits, don't you?" I crossed my legs, fully aware of how my dress would ride up my thighs.

"Yes, I do."

I smiled back. "I think we'll get along fine, then."

From there, we had a "normal" dinner, even if you factor in me playing some footsie with him under the table. Patrick loved my new pedicure—even more so as it grazed his inner thighs and got dangerously close to his cock. We talked about the usual things: family, hobbies, and what we're looking for. I was surprised to hear how driven and motivated my "surfer guy" actually was and how much we ended up having in common, even with a ten-year age difference.

While we waited for dessert, I excused myself and went to the ladies' room. I slipped off my soaked panties and balled them up in my hand. I returned to the table and slipped them into Patrick's lap: "I expect you to hold on to these for me."

Patrick sat up straight. "You better believe I will. Shall we Uber home now?"

I laughed and shook my head. "No," I said, lowering my voice to a whisper.

VARIATIONS

↘ DOMINANT SEX PLAY

"I want you to suffer through dessert, thinking about my bare cunt just across from you."

Patrick licked his lips in response. "Will you please sit on my face later?"

I raised my eyebrows, looking as coy and cold as possible. "I'll think about it. But we need to address your behavior."

"I DECIDED TO SIT, SO I FACED HIM, SQUEEZING THE SIDES OF HIS PERFECT FACE WITH MY THIGHS."

"What about my behavior?"

"You did push the limits earlier, picking me up and all. I want to be clear: I'm very strict—and there will be consequences."

"Good."

I footsied him again, and our desserts arrived. After we shared spoonfuls of delicious crème brûlée and some flourless chocolate torte, I felt ready for another kind of decadence.

We took a taxi back to my place, barely able to keep our hands off each other. When we got in the door, Patrick grabbed me and kissed me passionately—and I let him.

He exhaled. "Eliza—I—"

"Shhh," I said, caressing Patrick's face and smiling. "Let's go upstairs."

I took him by the hand into my master suite, where we stripped down. I had carefully chosen my favorite black satin bustier for the evening. I left it on while stripping Patrick fully nude.

In my "goodie drawer" (i.e., nightstand), I kept various implements of fun that I've collected over the years—some I use regularly, and some I buy with the spirit of "maybe someday."

Since I wanted Patrick—and wanted him to last—I decided we first needed to have him wear the silicone cock ring. I was perfunctory about how I slipped it on—careful not to give him any pleasure whatsoever.

Patrick squirmed nonetheless. He tried to touch my pussy.

"Careful," I warned him. "You're already going to be punished as it is."

I retrieved the small riding crop from my goodie drawer and gave my bare thigh a playful slap. "This has a way of… tickling and stinging…."

"Two of my favorite sensations combined," Patrick smirked.

In response, I administered a few on-point blows to his engorged shaft and balls. "I also have some leather tails. You know, those can wrap all around you…"

"Indeed, I am familiar…" He smiled at me.

"And you remember our safe word?" I reiterated.

"Yes. Vanilla."

"Good." I walloped his cock again with the crop. "Now, get on the bed—I'm going to sit on your face."

Patrick's face lit up and he hurried into position. I decided to sit, so I faced him, squeezing the sides of his perfect face with my thighs.

"You have the most beautiful cunt, Eliza," he said, hoisting me on top of him.

I kissed him on the forehead. "Get to work. I want you to make me squirt tonight."

And "work" Patrick did. He had a tongue that could rival and surpass just about any of my toys. Patrick hummed and groaned so that his tongue vibrated as it struck me.

"Ah! Oh, god!" I moaned. "Yes, don't stop!"

He quickly had me squealing in

ecstasy. I felt him try to ease his fingers inside me, and I playfully swatted his hand: “Mmmm, no–just your incredible tongue for now!”

“Yes…yes Eliza…” He loved to say my name.

Patrick alternated between tongue-fucking me and working my clit–and a little while later, I came so hard I saw stars. I collapsed next to him in a panting heap. “Oh, god…”

Patrick smiled at me. “Did I do well?”

I giggled. “Yes.”

“May I kiss you again?”

“Yes…” I repeated. We made out then, and I reached down and teased his cock. “Don’t worry…I haven’t forgotten about you,” I whispered.

“I wasn’t worried. I trust you,” he said.

I slipped the ring off and began to tongue the very sensitive head of Patrick’s cock. He groaned, feeling the sweet torment of arousal twist and turn.

“Do you have a nice hot load for me saved up?” I used some of my spit as lube and stroked my way slowly up his shaft.

Patrick bit his lip and exhaled. “Only…one…way to find out.”

I smirked and mounted him–and what a ride that was. I gasped as his thick girth took me by surprise and filled me in places I’d never felt before. I rode Patrick wet and dirty until we both came.

After a brief rest, we went at it again. The next morning, after we showered together and had more sex, I decided that we should buy him a proper collar–one that would denote real ownership. My new sub and lover eagerly agreed.

We also stopped for a haircut–as much as I loved those “surfer dude” locks, we both realized he needed the right look if he planned to impress some of the bigger firms.

These days, Patrick is a junior partner. And he has two collars: the leather one that hides beneath his business suits and a waterproof one for when we go to the beach.

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

BENCHED

My kinkiest sex encounter happened in Prague. I'd just finished studying abroad in England, and this trip was a last hurrah to celebrate my time in Europe. I'd been a shy, timid girl growing up, and getting out of my comfort zone had been liberating.

My hostel was just off Old Town Square, within walking distance of the famous astronomical clock. I was shocked to realize it was also close to the Museum of Sex Machines. I had no idea what I'd find inside, but I couldn't pass up an opportunity to find out. I'd always been curious about kinky sex—I loved reading naughty books and magazines, and I often masturbated to BDSM porn.

The sun had just set when I paid the entrance fee and went inside. It wasn't crowded, so I was able to walk slowly and see everything. It was full of kinky objects—dildos, chastity devices, sex swings, gimp masks, and latex bodysuits. My favorite objects were BDSM-related: floggers, cuffs, and spanking benches. My pussy clenched at the thought of being tied down with my legs spread and my body immobilized and ready to be used.

I was so turned-on that I stopped exploring and went to sit in the museum's empty theater, which was showing old-fashioned pornography. The black-and-white film wasn't nearly as hardcore as the porn I usually watched, but my body was throbbing and I needed to take care of it. As a curvy woman wriggled out of her clothes onscreen, I unbuttoned my shorts and slid my fingers into my panties. My pussy was shockingly wet. I penetrated myself with two fingers, grinding my hips as I imagined a thick cock inside me.

Just as I was about to come, a man entered the cinema. I pulled my fingers out of my pussy with a gasp. His arrival had ruined my orgasm, but nearly being caught was incredibly arousing. He sat in the row behind me. I wriggled in my seat, wondering if I could get myself off without him noticing.

"You were touching yourself," he said in a posh British accent.

"Excuse me?" I turned around, simultaneously outraged and embarrassed, catching my breath at the sight of him. He was in his mid-30s, with tousled black hair and a strong, stubbled jaw. His dark eyes smoldered. If there was a God and He cared about the sexual cravings of adventure-seeking Americans abroad, this man had been crafted exactly for me. He oozed masculinity, and his wicked smirk made me want to fan myself.

"Did the film arouse you?" he asked. "Or were you aroused before you came in here? Tell me."

There was something in his commanding tone. I instinctively knew he wouldn't accept anything less than the truth from me. "I was turned on earlier," I confessed.

He leaned in. "Tell me what aroused you."

I nibbled my lip and shifted in my seat, enjoying the scrape of my inseam against my clit. "The spanking benches. The floggers and cuffs."

"You want to be dominated?" he asked. "You want to be punished and used?"

My body throbbed with want. What was happening to me? I was blisteringly aroused by this strange conversation. I nodded, unable to speak.

"Have you been dominated before?"

I shook my head. My sexual cravings were boundless, but my actual experience had been sadly limited.

He stood and held out his hand. "If you want it, come with me."

I stood up like a woman possessed. My skin prickled with goosebumps and my pussy throbbed. In this surreal and incredibly liberating moment, I wasn't a shy girl anymore. I was the kind of woman who masturbated in public and fucked sexy strangers. I placed my hand in his and shivered.

"Your safe word is 'red.' Use it if you want me to stop entirely. 'Yellow' means I shouldn't push you further, and 'green'

"I WAS IMMOBILIZED, WITH MY ASS PRESENTED TO HIM AND MY PUSSY LIPS SPREAD."

means you want more."

I giggled a little at the stoplight safe words, then gasped as he jerked me into his body. His hand landed on my ass with a solid slap. "You don't speak unless I tell you to. You don't laugh. And you will call me 'sir.' Understood?"

"Yes, sir," I whispered.

I followed him out of the museum, shivering with anticipation. He led me to an apartment complex a few blocks away. His place was on the top floor, with an incredible view of the city. It was sparsely furnished, and my gaze immediately shot to a black spanking bench with attached cuffs.

"Strip," he commanded as he shut the door. He shucked off his coat, revealing a white button-down shirt tucked into navy slacks. The sexy business professional attire cranked my lust higher. He removed his tie and watched me fumble with my shorts and tank top. When I was down to my lingerie—an embarrassingly youthful set with green polka dots—I hesitated. I didn't even know this man's name, and he was about to see me naked.

Not knowing his name somehow made it even hotter.

He raised a brow and gestured for me to continue, so I removed my bra and shimmied out of my panties. As his gaze ran over my nude body, I stroked my pussy and moaned. I was dripping.

He instantly got in my face. He grabbed my hand and pulled it away from my clit. "I didn't give you permission to touch yourself," he said.

He dragged me to the spanking bench. It was a flared rectangle, wider on the bottom, with flat sections at the base on either side where I could rest my knees and forearms. He pressed me forward onto it. The narrow length of the bench supported my torso, but the sloping sides spread my legs for his use. He buckled my wrists and ankles into padded cuffs at the base. I was immobilized, with my ass presented to him and my pussy lips spread. I shivered as cool air brushed my wet cunt.

He dragged a hand down my spine, then gripped my ass. He massaged both cheeks, slapped them a little, then pulled them wide to inspect me. I squirmed, both mortified and aroused that he was seeing me like this.

"This gorgeous cunt is mine," he told me. Then he moved around the bench and blindfolded me with his tie. I couldn't see anything, but I heard him rummaging through a nearby dresser. He talked the whole time, telling me what he was going to use—his hands, a flogger, candle wax, ice, and finally his cock. "I'm going to hurt you so good, filthy girl," he said. "And then I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll feel me for days."

I wriggled, desperate for the fucking. He smacked my ass in punishment, then spanked both cheeks repeatedly, alternating between soft taps, hard blows, and scrapes of his nails. When my skin was hot and sensitized, he trailed the flogger over my back, letting me feel what he was about to use on me. He swung, and the leather tails stung one ass cheek, then the other. I jerked in the cuffs and gasped, but he didn't let up. He struck me over and over again, varying the pressure of his strikes. My skin was on fire, but the pain was incredible. I was completely at his mercy, and a crazy rush of endorphins was lighting me up.

Periodically he'd ask what my color was. Green, green, green. I couldn't get enough of the exquisite torment. My pussy trembled with every blow, desperate to clamp down on something hard.

The flogger vanished. His hand smoothed over me, and then something hot stung my upper back. Wax. The flare of pain turned into ecstasy almost immediately. I writhed against the bench, desperate to grind my clit against something, but he stopped me with a hand on my lower back. "Your orgasm is mine, too," he said in that precise accent. "I control it."

I moaned, unbearably aroused at the knowledge that I couldn't come until he let me. He tormented me with a few more drops of wax, and then the sensations paused. When they started again, it took a moment to register that the sharp sensation came from ice this time. Cold water trickled down my ribs, and when he reached my ass, the frigid liquid slid over my sensitive asshole and pussy. I writhed and received another spank.

"More," I demanded.

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

"HIS COCK WAS AT MY LIPS, AND I COULDN'T WAIT FOR HIM TO FEED IT TO ME."

I knew he would punish me for speaking out of turn. I braced for another blow, but he didn't touch me. I heard him move around the bench, and then something hard prodded my lips. I opened my mouth reflexively and licked, tasting precum. His cock was at my lips, and I couldn't wait for him to feed it to me. I opened my mouth wider, and he pushed in slowly until I couldn't take any more of him. He started fucking my mouth, choking me with that gorgeous cock while I moaned around him. I could hardly breathe, but I didn't care. He was punishing and using me, just like he'd promised, and I couldn't get enough.

He pulled away with a grunt, and then I heard the telltale rip of a condom wrapper. I whimpered, and my pussy throbbed at the realization that he was finally going to fuck me.

"Do you want my thick cock in your pussy, filthy girl?" he asked as he returned to the other end of the spanking bench. His hands landed firmly on my ass, and then he massaged the brutalized skin.

I was out of my mind with lust. I begged for his cock, telling him how empty I felt and how much I needed him inside me. His erection nudged my pussy, and then he slammed into me. He was long and thick, and it hurt in the best possible way. He fucked me with hard, merciless strokes. I took every punishing thrust and begged for more.

He fucked me until I was nearly crying with the need to come, and then he slid a hand under me and pressed my clit, commanding me to come for him. My orgasm was instant and devastating. My head spun, and my body spasmed uncontrollably. He thrust one last time, his body shaking as he orgasmed.

He unchained me and helped me to bed, then spent the rest of the night caring for me. He fed me, gave me water, and held me until my shivers faded. I passed out in his arms.

When I woke in the morning, he was gone. There was a fresh pot of coffee, a pastry, and a single red rose waiting for me in the kitchen, along with a note.

For my filthy, beautiful girl, it said. *Thank you*.

I left Prague a few days later, but I can't forget that perfect night. I'm already saving up for another European vacation—somehow I know I'll meet my stranger again.

–J.N. via email

THE TOY BOX

Some women host parties to sell kitchen gadgets. Others gather friends to hawk makeup and toiletries. Not Gloria. While the rest of the women in her cul-de-sac held wine parties to discuss BDSM, Gloria invited friends over to peruse a selection of high-end sex toys.

It all started innocently enough. Gloria had most of the toys displayed inside a large treasure chest. Everyone perused the selection of mini vibrators and anal beads. Occasionally a giggle would break the silence.

Then someone asked if Gloria had any vibrators that could tickle your clit as you fucked yourself.

"Oooh," Gloria drawled. "You want the good stuff."

Gloria stepped behind the couch and pulled out a large, fur-covered duffel bag. She unzipped the bag with a flourish, arching her perfectly manicured brow as she eyed every woman in the room.

Slowly Gloria reached inside her magical bag of tricks, producing a rose-gold vibrator with tickly looking tentacles growing from the base. Looking to Cara, the woman who'd asked for the machine, Gloria tossed the heavy member her way. "This isn't the exact vibrator you asked for, but it's better. Give the base a twist, run your fingers over those vibrating strands, and tell me you don't want to feel that brushing your clit and pussy lips."

While Cara busied herself with the toy, Gloria held up a long, thick, double-ended dildo. The translucent purple

silicone shaft was so heavy it curved over the edges of Gloria's palm.

Tugging her lip between her teeth like she was making a serious decision, my neighbor Ana broke the silence. "I want to see if I can take that."

Gloria's lips curled into a wicked grin. "I thought someone might," she said. Turning slowly to regard all her married girlfriends, Gloria asked, "Is everyone up for a demonstration?"

A few women chirped out and hollered, while others simply nodded.

Looking back at Ana, Gloria's face softened. "How do you feel about being fucked in front of an audience, Ana?"

A pinkish red blush spread from Ana's cleavage all the way up her neck. She tugged her lip between her teeth for a second time that night, and I found myself wondering how it would feel to give her plump Cupid's bow a nibble myself.

"David won't be home tonight," Gloria trilled. "It's just us girls." Offering Ana a conspiratorial wink, Gloria sought to set Ana at ease. "I'll try it with you."

Grabbing the hem of her dress, Gloria quickly whipped the garment over her head. "Take yours off and my underwear will go next."

Not taking her eyes off Gloria, Ana dropped the straps of her sundress, sliding the simple cotton down her body. Unlike Gloria, Ana hadn't worn a bra. Her lush, round breasts jiggled with every breath.

True to her word, Gloria unclasped her bra and tossed it onto Cara's lap. Next she wiggled out of her hot-pink panties, leaving them in a tiny heap on the floor.

Gloria walked toward Ana, holding the dildo out like an offering. "Touch it," she said.

Looking shy, Ana tentatively brushed her fingers along the thick purple shaft. After a few strokes she found her confidence and fisted its length, slowly pumping her hand over it.

We all watched as Ana flicked her tongue, sweeping it over the crown of the dildo.

Suddenly Gloria pulled back. "That's enough," she said.

Picking up the bottle of cherry-scented lube conveniently placed on her coffee table, Gloria squirted the sweet liquid over the entire shaft. "Get down into doggy, Ana."

Without hesitation, Ana lowered herself to the floor and got on all fours. Her legs parted, revealing thick lips already glistening with arousal.

Gloria knelt behind Ana. After sweeping her hand over the dildo to make sure the lube coated it completely, Gloria pressed the crown of one end against Ana's pussy. Rather than drive the dildo inside in one fluid motion, Gloria swirled the tip around Ana's center, mixing the lubricant with Ana's natural moisture.

When Ana emitted a whimper and pushed her hips back, Gloria eased the tip inside her. Ana's whimpers morphed into one long, languid moan. The thick shaft stretched her walls, making space where it seemed like there was none.

Clenching my legs, I bit back a moan of my own. Hardly a quarter of the dildo's length had disappeared into Ana, and already she was fisting her fingers into the carpet.

"How you feeling, Ana?" Gloria asked.

"I want…more," Ana moaned.

Smiling, Gloria pushed the dildo in another inch.

"Yes," Ana screamed. "More!"

Pushing a little bit harder, Gloria made another few inches disappear.

"My turn," Gloria cooed. Positioning herself in doggy just behind Ana, Gloria supported her weight with one hand and blindly reached for the dildo with another.

Suddenly, Cara appeared next to Gloria. "Let me help you with that."

Fisting the free end of the dildo, Cara held the shaft steady as Gloria backed her body onto it.

The head disappeared into Gloria as she gasped. In stark contrast to her treatment of Ana, Gloria drew the dildo into her body in record time, taking so much that her ass bumped against Ana's.

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

When Gloria spoke, her voice was breathier than usual. Pleasure was getting the better of our host. "Follow my rhythm and rock into me, babe."

As Ana rocked her ass back, Gloria leaned forward. They looked like a hot, dirty lawn ornament powered by the wind. Soon both of their moans filled the room while the rest of us looked on longingly.

Still kneeling on the floor next to Gloria, Cara crawled around to Gloria's front. She laid on the floor in front of Gloria, sliding her legs between Gloria's arms. Slowly Cara eased her body beneath Gloria's, placing her face level with Gloria's breasts.

While Gloria and Ana rocked their hips to move the dildo, Cara grazed her hands over Gloria's breasts. After a few careful caresses, Cara pulled one nipple into her mouth. She sucked so hard her cheeks went hollow, wringing a strangled cry from Gloria.

No longer able to contain my arousal, I crawled onto the floor to join my friends. Since Cara hadn't left much space below the bridge created by Gloria and Ana fucking, I couldn't follow suit and lay beneath them. Instead I knelt beside Ana, leaning forward so that I could cup her breasts in my palm.

Careful to keep my body limber so as not to interrupt Ana and Gloria's rhythm, I spread my fingers over Ana's breasts. My hands covered the mounds completely. Taking advantage, I squeezed her lightly, molding her breasts beneath my palms.

I leaned forward to better reach Ana's breasts, causing my ass to rise in the air. Then someone came up behind me.

I couldn't see who it was without taking my hands off Ana, but my mystery partner cupped my ass cheeks and gave them a squeeze. The tips of her nails dragged lightly across my Spandex-covered cheeks, setting my skin on fire.

Slowly her fingers found their way between my legs, gently sweeping along the seam of my leggings. Desperate to feel more but unwilling to unhand Ana's breasts, I silently cursed myself for wearing pants instead of a dress.

My partner must have felt the same. A disapproving *tsk* left my partner's lips, followed by the sound of tearing fabric and the coolness of a light breeze on my ass. Fortunately, I hadn't bothered to put on panties that evening. The pads of two fingers pressed against my asshole, circling the puckered flesh. Leaning into her touch, I gasped when the fingers slipped from my asshole down to my slit. Working her way between the wet, swollen flesh, she gave her fingers a wiggle, sending a shiver up my spine.

Desperate for more, I readjusted my position, taking one hand from Ana's breasts to balance my own weight. Ana whimpered in protest, but a quick pinch of the nipple still held between my fingers quickly turned disappointment to delight. We screamed in unison: Ana because the rhythm Gloria set with the dildo had them both rapidly approaching orgasm, and me because my mystery partner plunged her fingers into my pussy.

Curling her fingers, she quickly found the sensitive bundle of nerves inside that makes me scream.

My eyes rolled back into my head. I bounced on my knees, intent to make the fingers piston me harder. Faster.

A quick smack on my ass brought me right back into submission. Forcing myself to be still, I focused my attention on Ana's shaking body. Sweat was on her brow. She was so damn close to coming apart right in front of me.

Though I couldn't see her face, Gloria sounded like she was having a good time. The rocking of her hips sent Ana surging forward every time. Gloria screamed louder with every thrust.

Then Gloria let out a low and slow groan. She stopped thrusting completely and her body sagged against Ana's.

Immediately missing the motion of Gloria's hips, Ana began to rock on her own. After a few quick thrusts her eyes slammed shut. Her plump lips parted to release a moan, but her body remained stubbornly silent as sweet liquid seeped from her pussy.

Somehow I saw through my own sex-crazed haze and realized that Ana needed

"SHE SUCKED SO HARD HER CHEEKS WENT HOLLOW, WRINGING A STRANGLED CRY FROM GLORIA."

to get off her knees. Releasing Ana's breast, I dropped my hand to the floor, taking the opportunity to angle my body to give my own partner better access.

After disconnecting with Ana, I gave myself over to my partner completely. Closing my eyes, I blocked out the noises of the other women around me and focused on the gentle twitch of my vaginal walls around the fingers that fucked me.

God, it felt good. The woman worked my pussy like a seasoned pro. Gentle twitches soon gave way to a gripping sensation. My body was milking her fingers for every last bit of pleasure they could provide.

Then the soft, wet touch of someone's lips joined the party, shocking me to my core.

My eyes flew open, revealing Ana's head between my legs. After recovering from her own orgasm, Ana crawled to me. She peppered my clit with quick flicks of her tongue.

It was too much. Every muscle in my body grew tight, then relaxed in ripples. A pleasant tingle washed over me, making me shake.

Unable to remain upright, I fell against the woman fingering me, turning just in time to see that my ex's new wife was the one who made me come.

–Katie. L., Colorado Springs, CO

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